Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams,

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1 00 One copy, one year, . 3.00 Two copies, one year, . 5.00

No. 359.

"I WISH I KNEW!"

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

- "I wish I knew," I said, and thought that not a soul was listening to me,
 "How wilful maidens may be caught. If I were one, the men might woo me.
- I'd not torment them, no—not I! I know too well just how to pity
 The lover who in vain must sigh for Love's sweet 'Yes.' I've learned of Kitty.''
- That night when Kitty by my side, upon the sofa close was sitting,
 To plead for "Yes" once more I tried, in words that seemed the most befitting.
- I wish I knew," she, answering, said, and looked into my face demurely.
 You should not woo. Be wooed instead. You'd not torment your lovers, surely."
- Of course I blushed to think she heard my wishes after hidden knowledge— But how to gain that little word, is something they don't teach at college!

Winning Ways:

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART,

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRY AT THE GATE. Methinks there is no lovelier sight on earth
Than gentle woman in her earlier years;
Before one cloud hath gathered o'er her mirth,
Ere her bright eyes grow dim with secret tears
When life the semblance of a dream doth wear;
And earth is basking in a joyous smile;
When rich delight breathes in the golden air,
And boundless fancies may the heart beguile."
—WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

And boundless fancies may the near to eginte.

—WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

BROKEN lives are far more common things than broken hearts; they may be seen in every direction, if you will but turn those blue eyes of yours upon the world you live in. They are simply arrows that have missed their mark—streams that have failed at the fountain-head—fair and smiling gardens that have fallen into barrenness and decay—through whose fault, who can tell? They are lives which ought not to have been lived in vain—lives which ought not to have been full of beauty, of goodness, of holiness—lives which ought to have made and have left other lives better and happier by their example; and yet what a waste they are! And look at those who live them! See how gay, how frank, how winning most of them appear—see how gifted, how beautiful, how graceful they are—how lightly time, and care, and trouble seem to touch them; and yet, to them, how blank, how dreary, how purposeless everything are—how lightly time, and care, and trouble seem to touch them; and yet, to them, how blank, how dreary, how purposeless everything but death must be! I do not ask the reason of these things. I only know that they are so. And of one such life I am about to write the story. You shall look upon it in its first glad spring—you shall watch it in its glowing summer—you shall gaze tenderly on its sad autumnal beauty, and sigh when its hollow winter winds begin to blow. It shall be a true story of a real person who has lived a "broken life;" and at its close, see if you can guess, dear reader, the riddle which so puzzles me. See if you can tell, any more than I can, why a heart so fond and warm should turn to marble—why hopes so pure should fade and die—why a nature so innocent should be forever spoiled—why a spirit so eager and buoyant should be content to fold its pinions and grovel on the earth till the end of earthly things. Recognize thoroughly that aimless, purposeless existence; read its innermost page of failure, of doubt, of self-reproach, and self-distrust. See all the struggle, and all the value of the careful warm of the consciousness of defeat, and the honepage of failure, of doubt, of sent represent, the elf-distrust. See all the struggle, and all the pain—the consciousness of defeat, and the hope-lessness of triumph—the feeble attempt to rise, the desperate, headlong fall, and tell me, if you can, what it means! Ah, believe me, those who are so unfortunate as to make life a failure, are not to be harshly judged! We, who are happy, successful, and beloved, can afford to be merciful to them. And when the end comes, and the feet that have so stumbled over the world's rough paths are still, and the heart that has so suffered feels no more pain, and the eyes that have

looked so wearily through their tears for light and hope are closed, may it not be possible that then some "city of refuge" will be opened to the poor bewildered soul, and the great secret of such utter failures be revealed, as the chastening discipline that led it gently there! I hope so; from my inmost heart, I hope so! An author sat one day in his London lodgings, weary with the din and bustle that reigned in the street below; sick and tired of the "making of books," of which, in his case, at least, there certainly seemed to be "no end," longing only, like the Psalmist of old, for "wings like a dove," that he might "flee away and be at rest," far from the petty cares and vexations that seem to cluster most thickly around a city home. In cluster most thickly around a city home. In this mood he opened a guide-book that lay upon his writing-table, and turning over the leaves at his writing-table, and thinking over the leaves at random, chanced upon this passage; an extract from that prose-poet of all country scenery, whose very name (in conjunction with that of his gifted wife) is like a familiar strain of music to the ear—"William Howitt."

this are still, and the near that has so state ed-els no more pain, and the eyes that have toked so wearily through their tears for light

the other.

"William Howitt."

"On one side are open knolls and ascending woodlands, covered with majestic beeches, and the village children playing under them; on the other, the most rustic cottages, almost buried in the midst of their orchard trees, and thatched, as Hampshire cottages only are, in such projecting abundance, such flowing lines. . . . The bee-hives, in their rustic rows, the little crofts, all belong to a primitive country. . As I advanced, heathery hills stretched away on one hand, woods came down closely and thickly on the other, and a winding road, beneath the shade of large old trees, conducted me to one of the most retired and peaceful hamlets. It was Minstead. . . . Herds of red deer rose from the fern, and went bounding away, and dashed in the depths of the woods; troops of those gray and long-tailed forest horses turned to gaze as I passed down the open glades, and the red squirrels in hundreds scampered away from the ground where they were feeding. . Delighted with the true woodland



wildness and solemnity of beauty, I roved onward through the wildest woods that came in my way. Awaking as from a dream, I saw far around me one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boles, standing clothed, as it were, with the very spirit of silence."

The author closed the book, and Minstead, with its beech-trees, and green knolls, and rod deer and squirrels, and gray forest ponies, rose up before his mental eye like a "city of refuge" in a barren and weary land. At thought of it, the petty, vexing troubles that had oppressed him, vanished into thin air, and, starting up at that instant, lest, at the sight of unfinished "copy" and uncorrected "proofs." his courage that that instant, lest, at the sight of unfinished that the mistant, lest, at the sight of unfinished that the moment is consultant to an advance of the small Forest stations, and, securing an open carriage and a good-tempered plooking driver, set off in his partits for Minstead, will be a standard to be out. It is a standard to be continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boles, transmite and the raw would him his gray to be a strong to be out. It had been raining all the morning—it woulds fail him, old-fashioned that the very spirit of silence."

Yet the author strolled through the descrete of bosoits and time with the wind, the rain, and the gloomy, overhanging sky. He did not face it, but lounged along with his hands in the pockets of his greateoat, as if he had been strolling through the wind, the rain, and the proofs. The dath of the wind, the rain, and the proofs in spite of the wind, the rain, and the proofs in spite of the wind, the rain, and the plocomy overhanging sky. He did not face it, but lounged along with his hands in the pockets of his greateoat, as if he had been strolling through the waiter of the wind, the rain, and the proofs in spite of the wind, the rain, and the plocomy overhanging sky. He did not face it, but lounged along with his hands in the pockets of his greatent him. Th the train at one of the small Forest stations, and, securing an open carriage and a good-tempered-looking driver, set off in high spirits for Minstead. He had heard of a small inn there, whose quaint name, the "Trusty Servant" seemed to him to harmonize well with the surroundings him to harmonize well with the surroundings described by Howitt; and when, at last, he caught sight of the veritable green knolls and beechen-trees (minus the red deer and long-tailed ponies), he pleased himself with a picture of a happy week spent beneath the thatched roof of the hostel—a week of close communion with Nature, in one of her loveliest haunts, among her simplest and most unsophisticated creatures.

But it generally happens that, if people set their hearts upon going to any particular place in the world, and make all their arrangements with a special reference to that place, some maicious sprite interferes suddenly and unexpectedly, and they find themselves located in quite a different direction. This first day in the New a different direction. This first day in the New Forest was no exception to the ordinary rule. The "Trusty Servant," humble and out-of-the-way place as it seemed, was full, and the large inn at Stony Cross was in the same predicament. Night was fast closing in—the driver looked cross, the horse seemed tired—a fine rain began to fall, and the shivering author reported screly of his hasty trin into a strange pented sorely of his hasty trip into a strange

secure lodgings," he grumbled to himself, as they plodded along a dark and dreary forest road.

Suddenly a warm light shone out before them

Suddenly a warm light shone out before them; the driver brightened up visibly, and turned toward him with a broad grin.
"The 'Bell Inn,' Brook, sir!" he said, touching his hat. "I thought it were a mile further on;" and he drew up with a great flourish before the door of an old-fashioned inn, standing back from the road with a large garden on one side. from the road, with a large garden on one side, and some very comfortable-looking stables on the other.

A stout, pleasant-faced landlady made her ap-

Kensington Gardens on a fine summer's day. In fact, he was scarcely thinking of the weather at that moment. His mind was intent upon the perfect stillness that reigned around him; his spirit, so long vexed and annoyed with a thousand petty troubles brought by each succeeding day, rested gratefully even upon that scene of storm and gloom. He felt old, worn out, and inexpressibly weary, it is true—no sense of returning youth, and hope, and joy, came to him upon the wings of that sweeping breeze, but the raindrops touched his forehead with a cold kiss of peace, and the sullen clouds and the wailing wind seemed to express the thought which he wind seemed to express the thought which he had in his mind all the while.

"The end of all things has come for me, and I am content. But surely it would be very sweet if one could die peacefully and be buried in this little hamlet. I could rest in my grave, I think, if they made it at Minstead!"

if they made it at Minstead!"

As he said the words half aloud, the road took a sudden turn to the left. He turned with it, and came unexpectedly upon a little living picture that made him pause.

Every one knows the truth of the old saying, "the world is full of paper walls"—walls which, by the merest chance, are forever and fatally Every one knows the truth of the old saying, "the world is full of paper walls "—walls which, by the merest chance, are forever and fatally separating those who long to meet—walls which are as impregnable as if they were built of the hardest adamant. But it sometimes seems to me that the world is also full of unseen influences, spiritual magnets, which are forever, and perhaps as fatally, drawing those toward each other who are far better apart, and yet must meet, because they are fated to do so. Strangely enough do those influences work upon and change our whole lives. Open a door, and you may bring your fate in upon you; cross a street, and it may meet you face to face. The friend you are to cherish, the enemy you are to hate, the man or woman you are to love—somewhere in the wide world they are waiting, and you need not seek them out, for they will surely come to you. They may be dwelling in the far East, you in the distant West—they may be bound to others by the tenderest ties—so may you—and yet, so surely as you both live and breathe, just so surely will they cross your path one day, and make their mark upon your life. For my part, so firmly am I convinced of the truth of this theory, that I cannot enter a strange place now without the mental question, "What—who will bring it to me?" I never can look upon a new acquaintance without wondering inwardly, "Are the threads of our two lives entwined in any hidden and mysterious way, of which we know nothing as yet?" Ido not know that these speculations do any harm; they certainly create in the minda sort of awe of places, times, and people, which is, perhaps, the most reverent way of looking upon them, and upon times, and people, which is, perhaps, the most reverent way of looking upon them, and upon

life!
In turning the corner of this woodland road, the man of the world had turned a corner in his own life, and he knew it not. Before him, at a little distance, stood the village church upon a gentle eminence; one or two cottages nestled among the surrounding hills, and the whole scene work that look of green and preceding representations. wore that look of green and peaceful repose which is so peculiar a characteristic of all Eng-

which is so peculiar a characteristic of all Eng-lish landscapes.

At his right, another cottage stood modestly by the side of the road. A grove of beech-trees rose behind it; in front was a small garden stocked with old-fashioned flowers, and sur-rounded by a paling half-hidden by the sprays and blossoms of a climbing rose. The little rus-tic gate was surmounted by a wooden arch, over which woodbine and ivy had been trained by

At first sight of the stranger, Mr. Oliver started visibly, changing color.

Pretty eyes she had, too, soft, dark, and bright; a pretty, blooming face, luxuriant hair, a graceful form, an easy carriage; attractions sufficient to stamp her at once as the village belle. And something else was in that face, too, which caught the author's eye and made him fall into a deep reverie as he stood and watched her.

He understood it all that instant, as well as if He understood it all that instant, as well as it the story had been told to him by the parties whom it most concerned. There were the father and the aunts, here were the lovers, so happy that they knew nothing of the lowering sky above their heads, or the sudden gust of rain which was even then sweeping up from the west toward them. He stood apart and gazed at them with a smile; but something in their youth, their happiness, their artless confidence in each other, and in life, made him sigh at the same mo-

The voice of the old farmer called the young pair from their pleasant dream.

"Kitty! William! Don't you see it is going to rain? You will not have time for your walk before tea. In with you before you get a wet-

Kitty's face was turned toward the kitty's face was turned to obey her father's summons, she was "made 'ware" of a tall and elegant stranger, looking very handsome and very sad, who stood just beyond the gate, with his dark eyes fixed upon her as intently as if she had been the fairest vision that ever crossed a poet's path. Kitty started as she caught that earnest gaze—returned it for a moment with a sort of breathless awe—then blushed, and trem-bled, and turned away with a guilty, frightened feeling at her heart, which she had never known

The gentleman seems tired, and we are going to have a heavy shower," said the farmer, coming down the path toward them; "perhaps he will walk in and take shelter with us till it is

over."
The last words were addressed half to William, and half to the author, who, on hearing them, advanced on the instant, and raised his

"You are very kind," he said, in a voice "You are very kind," he said, in a voice whose tones struck upon Kitty's sensitive ear like some familiar but half-forgotten melody, "and I accept your hospitality as cordially as it is offered—that is, if I am not intruding upon the privacy of a family party."

The old man chuckled, and nodded his head significantly at William.

"No, not a bit on't!" he said, cheerfully.
"Til tell you more about that after tea. But now let us go in. Here come the first drops of the shower."

the shower."

He hurried up the little graveled path, followed by William, who had grown suddenly silent and shamefaced in the presence of the unexpected guest. Kitty was silent, too, and never looked his way, although he was walking close beside her. At the porch the flowers she was carrying fell to the ground. The stranger picked them up and gave them to her with a low bow; but not before he had secreted one in the palm of his hand. She saw him do it, and went into the little cottage parlor blushing more deeply than before. ly than before.

CHAPTER II. CHAPTER II.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"Oh, Eya, thou the pure in heart,
Why falls thy trembling voice?
A blush is on thy maiden cheek,
And yet thine eyes rejoice.
Thine eyelids droop in tenderness,
New smlies thy lips combine,
For thou dost feel another soul
Is blending into thine."

—ELIZABETH OARES SMITH.

New smiles thy lips combine,
For thou dost feel another soul
Is blending into thine."
—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

The fire burned bright upon the cottage hearth, and danced and sparkled over again in the store of cups and dishes that filled the dresser opposite. A row of chairs were drawn up in a cosy semicircle before the hearth, the old farmer installed his guest in the place of honor—the chimney-corner—and sat down by his side. William dropped into a seat near the window, and Kitty and her two female guests bustled about the room, "on hospitable cares intent."

From his nook the stranger watched it all, while he talked with the old man about the traditions of the Forest, and the wonders of "London town." He marked the exquisite neatness of the place, the fresh colors of the pretty carpet that covered the floor, the dazzling brightness of the window-panes, the spotless purity of the cloth the cottage girl was laying. The steel fender almost made his eyes ache with brightness, and look as he might, at the mantelpiece, table, chairs, and shelves, not a particle of dust or dirt could be found on them to offend his fastidious eye. A vase of late-blooming flowers stood on the broad window-shelf. On a little table beneath lay a Bible and a prayerbook bound in red morocco, a set of "Hervey's Meditations," and one or two volumes of "Sturm's Reflections." The soberly-painted shelves opposite the fireplace held nothing but the modest dishes of delf and earthenware necessary for the farmer's table, but just beyond them, a small book-case hung by its crimson cords, and evidently contained Kitty's literary treasures. At that distance he could not decipher the titles of the books, but he promised himself a closer scrutiny after tea. Over the book-shelves hung a print of a young girl holding a spaniel in her arms. Upon the wall behind him were two engravings framed in black, and dark with age, representing that dismal "Leaving of the Tuileries," and that still more dismal leave-taking of a king of France with Marie Antoinette,

was set proundy on a wince and sender throat; a rounded yet delicate form; small hands, feet, and ears—gaze as he might, he could find no fault with little Kitty. More beautiful women he had, of course, seen—more graceful ones, it may be; but never had so fresh, so natural, and so unaffected a creature crossed his path before. so unaffected a creature crossed his path before. She was as blooming as a sweet wild-rose; she was good, and simple, and artless; she moved about her cottage-home with shy, instinctive grace, a little embarrassed by the stranger's presence, a little troubled by the new feelings to which she could give no name, yet busying herself all the while with arrangements for his comfort, in such a charming way, that he could not keep his eyes from her. The words of the ambitious judge in "Maud Muller," that beautiful American poem of John G. Whittier's, came into his mind as he watched her:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet."

"A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my letto meet. "And her modest answer and graceful air Show her wise and good as she is fair,

"Would she were mine, and I, to-day, Like her, a harvester of hay. "No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.

"But low of cattle, and song of birds, And health, and quiet, and loving words." "Tea is ready, please," said the sweet voice of his "Maud Muller" as he inwardly repeated the last words, and he got up and took his seat at the table by her side. If any one had told him one week before that he would have been sitting sociably at that meal, in company with a young and beautiful girl, an old farmer, and two stout old women, who, however estimable they might be, certainly did not bear the slightest outward resemblance to duchesses, how he would have scouted the idea! yet, there he sat, helping Kitty with the cups and hot water, as if he had been a tea-maker all his life; eating bread and butter,

with the cups and hot water, as if he had been a tea-maker all his life; eating bread and butter, and cold boiled ham, with the most intense relish, and exerting himself for the entertainment of the company, till old Farmer Atherton and William Hill roared with laughter, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones confided to each other behind their tea-cups, that he was "the funniest gentleman they ever did see!"

And then when the meal was over, how he insisted on helping them to clear away. I think he would have washed the dishes if Mrs. Brown would have let him! If any one had told these laughing, good-tempered cottagers, "This man who chooses to amuse himself for this moment by a game at 'high jinks' with you is one of the most sarcastic, reserved, and unapproachable of human beings in his own sphere and among his equals"—do you think they would have believed it? You know they would not! And yet it was nothing more than the truth.

The dishes were washed and put tidily away, the hearth brushed, the curtains drawn, the candles lit, and Kitty sat beside her lover in the family circle, while Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones took their places near the stranger. The old farmer stirred his glass of spirit, and gazed around the group with contented eyes.

"Quite like as if we had known each other all our lives long—isn't it, sir?"

"Quite. And that reminds me that you ought

"Quite like as it we had known each other an our lives long—isn't it, sir?"

"Quite. And that reminds me that you ought to know who you have been so very kind to. My name is Francis Oliver. I am an Englishman by birth, and for the present, at least, a Londoner by residence. I came down here for a week's quiet, little thinking I should meet with such pleasant friends, or such a warm welcome."

come."
"You deserve it, sir. You deserve it!" said

the old man, warmly. "'Tisn't many a gentleman born who would come into a poor man's home and make himself so friendly as you have done to-day. I drink your health, sir; and here's hoping you may find friends and happiness

"The author smiled.
"Thank you. Let me return your courtesy, my good friend, and couple with my toast the name of your fair daughter. Long life, a happy home, and some one to love her always." And he bowed to Kitty, and raised his glass to his here.

And he bowed to Kitty, and raised his glass to his fips.

"Eh, Kitty, lass, do you hear that?" said the old man, laughing, but at the same time wiping a tear from his eye, "I see you have guessed her little secret, sir; so she will not mind my telling you that your wish for her is likely to be granted. Long life we cannot be sure of; but the happy home she will have, and there is the man who will make it for her." And he laid his hand affectionately on William Hill's shoulder. "Tis their betrothal day, sir. We have been keeping it with a little dinner, you see."

"I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart," said Mr. Oliver to the expectant bridgroom. "You are a lucky man; and if ever a man's home was a happy one, I think yours must surely be, with so good and so pretty a wife within it."

must surely be, with so good and so pretty a wife within it.

Poor William! It was certainly a misfortune that, at such a moment, he should have been unable to find words for a reply—certainly a misfortune that he should hang down his head, blush furiously, and only mutter something indistinctly, to the effect that he would always be kin I to Kitty. Kitty heard it more plainly than any one else, but even as she listened, she glance! from him to the tall, elegant stranger, who was so composed, and so polite, and a sigh stoll from her tips. There was a short, awkward sile ice, broken by a loud exclamation from the farmer, which drew all eyes upon him.

"I wonder I never thought of it before!"

"Thought of what, father?" asked Kitty,

"I wonder I never thought of it before!"
"Thought of what, father?" asked Kitty,
moving somewhat uneasily in her chair.
"Why, this gentleman's name! And the book
you are so fond of reading."
"Oh!" said Kitty; and her dark eyes grew
round, and her mouth opened. "Oh, it is the
same name. Did you write it, sir? Is it yours?"
She ran to the book-case, selected a volume
bound in green and gold, and put it into Mr.
Oliver's hand. He smiled good-naturedly as he
gianced at it.

bound in green and gold, and put it into Mr. Oliver's hand. He smiled good-naturedly as he glanced at it.

"Yes, it is mine."

"To think of that, now!" said the farmer, proully. "Many's the time I've heard the child reading it out loud of an evening, and here you are sitting with us, and the book in your own hand. Drat it, how funny things do compround in this world don't they, sir?" he exclaimed.

"They do, certainly," said the author, who was still holding the book, and gazing absentmindedly into the fire.

"This a main pretty story, what I remember of it," said the farmer, lighting his pipe.

"Have a smoke, sir?"

"Thank you, I never smoke."

"And the people talk there pretty much as they would if they were alive," continued the old man, "which is a real blessing. Tisn't often I read a story, but when I do, I like to have things natural—like to have a spade called a spade, you know. Now, it seems to me that the ladies and gentlemen that write books, mostly like to call a spade by some finer name. No offense to them, but we plain people are dreadfully puzzled sometimes to know what they are driving at, they do use such nation fine words."

"The fault of young beginners, mostly," said

words."
"The fault of young beginners, mostly," said
Mr. Oliver, smiling. "I used to do it myself
when I was a young man. But, now I am getting old and gray, I begin to see the truth of
your remark, that a spade should be called a

ting old and gray, I begin to see the truth of your remark, that a spade should be called a spale, and not a 'utensil for the purpose of gardening', or something of that kind."

"That's exactly what I mean, sir," cried the old man, delighte lat finding his criticism so well appreciated. "And now about that book, Mr. Oliver. Was any of it true?"

"A great deal," replied the author. And then he caught Kitty's dark eyes fixed upon him, and, stopping short in what he was about to say, he colored visibly, for, with the egotism peculiar to his profession, he had made his book an exponent of his own soul at that particular period of his life, and there was something in it about a lost love, which was only too true, and which Kitty translated by the light of his momentary confusion precisely as he had not intended her to do. A lost love is a very romantic thing in theory, but no man likes to own that he has been jilted; and Kitty's face showed that she knew the truth too well. Mr. Oliver laid down the book as if it had stung him, and said that he must go.

she knew the truth too well. Mr. Oliver laid down the book as if it had stuny him, and said that he must go.

The clock struck eight as he rose from his chair. They all accompanied him to the gate. The wind and the rain had gone down—the sky looked clear and cold, and a white wintry moon was waiting to light him home.

"It will be fine now," said Mr. Atherton, as he bade him good-night "You were talking about 'Rufus' Stone' a little while ago, sir. By the day after to-morrow the forest will be quite dry enough to cross, and I will show you the way with pleasure, if you would like to go with me."

"I should be delighted," replied Mr. Oliver, glancing toward Kitty, who stood in the background by her lover's side; "but will it not be dull work for us alone? Can we not make up a party—I dare say these ladies would like to go?"

Fancy for a moment, the refined, fastidious Francis Oliver, who would scarcely have picniced with the Queen of Sheba herself, asking—nay, actually pressing—two fat old farmers' wives, who dropped their h's, and had a thousand provincial peculiarities in their speech, to join in an excursion to Stony Cross, and accept him for their cavalier. He did it, however, and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were melted by his entreaties, and promised to go. He thanked them warmly; and then, turning to the young farmer, said that of course he and his lovely little friend would join the party. But the day appointed was market-day, and William had to go to Romsy to look after some pigs of a celebrated forest breed. So it was settled that Kitty should go without him, and under her father's care. The author never once looked at her while this arrangement was being made, but stood joking and laughing with Mrs. Brown about the small The author never once looked at her while this arrangement was being made, but stood joking and laughing with Mrs. Brown about the small cart which was to be chartered for the use of herself and her friends. If the donkey gave out, he said he would draw it himself; and after they had visited the Cross, they would light a fire in the forest and have tea in a regular gipsy fashion. For which purpose he would take certain canisters of potted meats from London in his coat-pocket.

his coat-pocket.

"And we'll bring the tea and sugar," cried the delighted old lady; "and Kitty will see to the bread and butter and such like matters before we start. And, by the way, Brown has some cows in the forest. I wonder if by any chance we could get a peep at them before we come hast"

"Oh, by all means let us look up Mr. Brown's cows—you and I will go after them while the others rest after their tea," said the author,

others rest after their tea," said the author, holding out his hand with a roguish smile.

"Get along with you, making fun of a woman old enough to be your mother," was the quick reply; but Mrs. Brown shook hands with him and liked him none the less for his little joke. It somehow happened that Kitty's good-night came last. He did not joke with her—his manner changed entirely as he took her hand, and held it for an instant, while he repeated his concratulations and good wishes for her happy fu-

At twelve o'clock that night, as Francis Oliver, tossing and turning restlessly upon his pillow, saw visions of the past by the pale light of the moon that wrung his heart with pans of "late remorse," little Kitty sat in her chamber, rereading his book by the added knowledge of his looks and spoken words. Besido her on the table lay something at which she looked when she closed the book. She touched it—hal the grace to blush deeply—and turning hastily away, undressed, and lay down in her bed. What was it? I am almost ashamed to tell I It was a gentleman's glove of black kid, and Francis Oliver had dropped it in the porch that ovening as he was going away.

CHAPTER III. THE MEETING IN THE GLADE. "I played a soft and deleful air,
I sung an old and moving st ry;
An old rude song that fitted well
That ruin wild and hoary
She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest crace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face."

S T. COLERIDGE.

For well she knew, I could not choose

"User to the fore face."

"Veritive, there is no telling what a man may do when he is first falling in love," and Francisco Cliver to himself, as he watched, with great anusement, the process of "getting under way" of the Forest excursion, on the day appointed to the original plan of a donkey-cart, which had proposed, half in jest, to them. And the donkey was obstituate, and it would start when he ought to have kept still, and vice versa; and first the bread and butter, and then the hadren was obstituate, and it would start when hought to have kept still, and vice versa; and first the bread and butter, and then the hadren was all the two stout ladies created such a commedician st kept version that set in motion. Mr. Oliver looked on with an inward shudder of disgust; but, when they were fairly off, and little kitty cannot bripping down the walk with her pink dress, and her freshly trimmed staw hat, and the key set of the garden, she led him through a green meadow, were a rustic bridge that shade a laughing brook, paet a descreted farm-house, black with a great and collings of majestic colors, paet a descreted farm-house, black with great and such set of the correction of the unique of the pink dress, and her freshly trimmed staw hat, and the key of the house of the garden, she led him through a green meadow were a rustic bridge that spamed a laughing brook, paet a descreted farm-house, black with a great and collings. The villed part of the grand of the first of the grand of the principle of the grand of the principle of the grand of the principle of the grand of t

set in motion. Mr. Officer looked on with an fine ward shinder of disgurds but, when they were ward shinder of disgurds but, when they were ward ward shinder of disgurds but, when they were ward they off, and little Kitty came tripping down, the walk with the r pink crea, and finer reading ward ward ward that they are the stand, his mood changed. He gave the his arm as respectfully as if she had been end, they are the stand, his mood changed. He gave her his arm as respectfully as if she had been end, the stand her had been end, they are the stand, his mood changed. He gave her his arm as respectfully as if she had been end, the stand her had the stand as a hard to say the his stand as had been end, the stand her had been end, the stand her had the say and designed the stand her had been and the stand her had been as lovely as the opening day—and they were in the vory heart of the ward in the ward and the stand her had been as lovely as the opening day—and they were in the vory heart of the ward in the ward and the stand her had been as lovely as the opening day—and they were in the vory heart of the ward in the ward and the stand her had been as lovely as the opening day—and they were in the vory heart of the ward in the ward in the stand her heart stand within the ward and the manufest visible of the stranger. Mr. Oliver the proposed had the stand her had been as lovely as the opening day—and they were the ward that the stand her had been as lovely as the opening day—and the ward had been as the ward that the stand her had been as the stand her had been as the ward that the stand her had been as the ward that the stand her had been as the stand her had been as the ward that the stand her had been as the stand her had been as the ward that the stand her had been as the ward that the stand her had been as the stand her had been as the stand her had been as the ward that the stand her had been as the stand her

all ten thousand miles away. However, he put the best possible face on the matter, and joined them at the stone. The old farmer did the hou-ors of the place with infinite satisfaction. "Here's where William Rufus was shot, sir,"

he exclaimed; "and here, where the stone stands, the tree grew from which the arrow glanced. You see the inscription, on three sides of the

Mr. Oliver read it aloud: "'Here stood the oak on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at " star, glanced and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2d of August, A D.,

King William II., surnamed Rufus, being slain, is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, was buried in the cathedral church of that

"That where an event so memorable had hap-pened might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John, Lord Delaware, who has seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745."

"A long time ago—and they are all dead and gone together, now!" was the farmer's comment on the inscription. "They do say, sir, that Purkess' family, at Minstead, have always owned a horse and cart since that time, but have never been rich enough to buy a team. And some gentleman has written a poem about it. Do you reamenber it. Kittys"

Kitty repeated, with a trembling little voice: "And still, so runs our forest creed,
Flourish the plous yeoman's seed,
Even in the self-same spot.
One horse and cart, their little store,
Like their forefathers, neither more
Nor less, the children's lot."

Nor less, the children's lot."

"From Mr. Stewart Rose's 'Ballad of the Red King," said Mr. Oliver, smiling kindly at her. "Thank you, Miss Kitty. And now, when I have succeeded in getting a bit of stone to keep in memory of William Rufus, out of this iron cage at the top, where shall we go?"

Kitty waited till he had attained his object, and then directed his attention to a small thatched cottage, at the end of the glade.

"There is such a pretty dairy farm there. We always visit it when we come to the stone."

"Let us go now, then."

They all set off together. The mistress of the farm, a clean-looking old woman of sixty, was paring potatoes in her tiled kitchen, and gladly welcomed them to the humble place.

The author talked with her for more than an

welcomed them to the humble place.

The author talked with her for more than an hour, and left the house in a more serious mood than ever. That poor old cottager, with her contented heart and her pious soul, made him feel his own littleness so deeply. It would have been better for him, perhaps, if, in the course of his life, he had met more negolalities her.

daughter, and went to bed. Kitty saw that the fire was safe, locked the door, and went up the stairs to her own room.

At twelve o'clock that night, as Francis Oliver, tossing and turning restlessly upon his pillow, saw visions of the past by the pale light of the moon that wrung his heart with pangs of "late remorse," little Kitty sat in her chamber, reading his book by the added knowledge of his looks and spoken words. Besido her on the table lay something at which she looked when she closed the hook. She touched it—had the grace retreates, such quiet is waiting for me—learning to love me, ready, at one word from my lips, to come and bless my lonely life?"

He smiled gayly at the thought, crossed the book. She touched it—had the grace retreates such quiet is waiting for me—learning to love me, ready, at one word from my lips, to come and bless my lonely life?"

He smiled gayly at the thought, crossed the brook, and placing Kitty's had upon his arm again, led her back to the party, who were just

and she almost fancied they were dim with tears.

"Come and show me the little brook I hear singing at a d stance," he said, in a low voice.

She arcse instantly; and with a slight apology to the others, he led her away.

They walked through the green solitude, arm in arm. The voices of the party they had left were but faintly heard, as they passed down the sunlit glade. In place of them came the singing of birds, the neigh of some startled forest pony, with the quick patter of his small hoofs, and the murmuring of a woodland brook. On the banks of that little stream they paused. The arching boughs above them shut out the faint blue sky, but the sunshine still lingered, making its way through branch, and leaf, and thicket, hovering over Kitty's graceful figure, touching with bright rays Kitty's beautiful dark hair. She stood in the mellow light, silent and half afraid—her hand resting on the author's arm, her sly are cleaning around the same and the large and are the large and a large an

"Yes."

His eye wandered uneasily, as he spoke, toward Kitty, who was still standing where he had left her, gazing down into the running water with a very serious face. Miss Marchmont looked at her, and smiled slightly.

And pray, what brought you down here? she asked, a moment after.

"I cannot tell you, I am sure, why I came. I might say, like Bunyan, that one day 'I fell on sleep,' and, waking, I found myself here."

"If you fall on sleep again, I can prophesy a pleasant dream for you. Well, I will neither spoil sport, nor tell tales out of school; only—mind this—Mr. Oliver, you are a man of honor. Remember it—remember to deserve 'the grand old name of gentleman' in all your dealings with that pretty child!"

"What can you be thinking of?" he said, with

at pretty child!"
"What can you be thinking of?" he said, with
me warmth. "You may trust me. So may some warmth.

she."
"I am glad to hear it. And now, adieu for a time. I must go back to my poor pony, who is doubtless wondering what on earth has become "Where have you left him?"

"In yonder thicket—under the branches of a trusty oak."

"I shall see you safely there, Miss March-

mont."

"Begging your pardon, you will do no such thing. I have a squire in waiting already—both younger and better-looking than you."

"Many thanks for the compliment. Who may this knight of the Forest be?"

"I cannot tell. I fancy he is a young farmer. I met him on the high road, and when he found out what very wild ideas I had about the geography of this place, he kindly volunteered to escort me here. I must not keep him waiting; he may be 'County Guy' in disguise, for aught we know."

Very likely," said Mr. Oliver, biting his lip with a vexed air. "And when do you leave Stony Cross for London?"

y Cross for London?"
Co-morrow. And you?"
In a week, or ten days at the latest. May I
In Mayfair when I return?"
Most certainly. Mind, I am to hear the con-

call in Mayfair when I return?"

"Most certainly. Mind, I am to hear the conclusion of this little forest romance before you put it into your usual three volumes—"

"What do you mean?"

"Ah! you know. I should not like to fall in love with an author, and be dished up afterward for his readers' amusement. However, your little rustic beauty may not mind; and so, adieu!"

With a musical laugh that grated harshly on his ear, sho gathered up her habit and walked away. He stood gazing after her with a peculiar expression on his face, till she disappeared beneath the arching branches of the forest trees, then he drew a long breath—whether it was a sigh of regret or an aspiration of thankfulness he

of lenough to be your mother," was the quick reply; but Mrs. Brown shook hands with him and liked him none the less for his little joke.

It somehow happened that Kitty's good-night came last. He did not joke with her—his manner changed entirely as he took her hand, and held it for an instant, while he repeated his congratulations and good wishes for her happy future. Then he lifted his hat, and went strolling away up the monlit road toward his village lodgings.

They went back to the little parlor, which had attarried hand the feast began. Not often, though he had stand free, had he enjoyed an hour like that. The afternoon waned slowly—the sum as judy, and I love beauty. Sho is awkward, and he they repeated to replenish the wine flowed Kitty in the vine-shadowed porch, and then kitty good and the radical power of the wine flowed Kitty in the vine-shadowed porch, and then trudged homeward, thinking what a lucky fellow he was, and how little he deserved the happiness which had befallen him. The old farmer read the night-prayers, kissed and blessed his

He smiled gayly at the thought, crossed the brook, and placing Kitty's hand upon his arm again, led her back to the party, who were just preparing for their return.

Miss Marchmont returned to the place where Miss Marchmont returned to the place where she had left her horse. It was grazing peaceably beside the stout brown cob which her u known escort had ridden; but the young farmer himself was leaning against a tree, his arms folded on his breast, and his hat pulled low over his eyes. He looked up as she came near, and something in his face surprised her. It had been a comely, happy face enough when she had looked at it before—comely it was still—but a dreadful pallor overspread it, and pain and trouble that could not be mistaken looked out of those bright THE STOLEN CHILD.

blue eyes.
"What is the matter with you?" she asked.
"Are you ill?"
"No! I wish I was," was the abrupt reply.

while she stood alone on the other. She looked at you, dear lady, as I should look at him. It wrung her heart to see you together almost as much as it wrung mine to watch her. She was helden of wow and isolates of way and isolates of way as the stood of the stood o jealous of you, and jealousy only comes with

jealous of you, and jealousy only comes with love."

"Jealous of me!" said Miss Marchmont, with a scornful smile. "There was little need of that, if she knew all. But, William, you are quite right; if she feels jealous, she begins, at least, to like him. What am I to Jo to help you?"

Ask him to go away—beg him to ro away. Tell him all I have said, if you I ke. You see, it is his writing—his learning—that has won Kitty's heart from me. If he goes now, she may forget him; but if he stays, I know too well what the end of it will be. How can I expect her to give me a look or a word while he is what the give me a look or a word while he is there. And it is nothing but amusement to him, while to me it is a matter of life and death."

He burst ino tears as he spoke, and turned away. Miss Marchmont laid her hand upon his

shoulder.

"Nay, don't hide them. Don't be ashamed of them. They do you infinite honor, and Kitty ought to be proud of having won such a faithful heart. Take courage, and all will yet be well. I will go bome and write a letter to Mr. Oliver that will bring him to his senses. He is a man of honor, and he will leave the Forest at "Nay, don't hide them. Don't be ashamed of them. They do you infinite honor, and Kitty ought to be proud of having won such a faithful heart. Take courage, and all will yot be well. I will go home and write a letter to Mr. Oliver that will bring him to his senses. He is a man of honor, and he will leave the Forest at once. Come, put moon my horse, and ten years hence, when I visit you and Kitty, we will come here and have a hearty laugh over the trouble that looks so grievous now."

He assisted her to mount, and placed the reins carefully in her hand, but his face did not brighten at her prediction.

'I wish it may end well; but I have a fearaheay fear here—at my heart." he said, sadly.

"Send it to the winds," replied Miss Marchmont, holding out her hand with a smile. "And now good-by. Believe me, I will do my best

She tightened her reins suddenly, and galloped toward Stony Cross. But her eyes were so full of tears that she could soarcely see her way, and her heart was aching. Oh! which of those

two could have felt the greatest pain! two could have left the greatest pain?

"My own heart's desire?" she murmured to herself. "Oh, fool that I am! What but Dead Sea apples, fair to the sight and full of bitter ashes within, can I ever hope to gather from my tree of life? "Tis a mad world, my masters"—a world that is all at sixes and sevens—all out of count all wrong! And what can set it right?"

OBSCURITY.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

If the far perfume of a rose
Steals o er us, faintly sweet,
We seek to find its hiding place
With swittly fleeing feet.
But if it keep its fragrance hid,
Its beauty from the eye,
Unmourned for it will pine away
And fall, and fade, and die.

And so if genius' fainter glow
Piere through the gloom of night,
We long to have our spirits come
Into its perfect light.
But if it keep its glory valled
And hide its glowing heart,
Unloved its course through life it keeps,
Unmourned will it depart.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW MUCH A GIRL IS WORTH. IT is wonderful how sometimes intelligence

It is wonderful how sometimes intelligence will pass through a city. It seems to be caught up by the winds and blown to men's minds, so quickly does it disseminate itself.

The fact of the rescue of Minnie Ellis was known to men half over the city before the Mary Jane had got fairly in to her wharf.

This resulted from the intense interest which every one felt in the matter, and the eagerness with which each one hastened to repeat the tidings he had heard.

All who had children of their own felt keenly the danger to themselves if their loved ones could be stolen from the heart of a populous city. All hearts, then, were gladdened at the rescue.

could be stolen from the heart of a populous city. All hearts, then, were gladdened at the rescue, and a revengeful hope that the abductor had been captured was at once aroused.

On that day in particular the people of Toledo were specially exercised on the matter, as some of the prominent citizens, doubting if every effort had been made, had again called a meeting for consideration of the best action to be taken.

The hall was thronged with deeply-interested persons, seriously debating what was best to be done, at the very time that the Mary Jane, with her precious freight, was drawing in to the wharf.

with her precious freight, was drawing in to the wharf.

One of the wealthy citizens, full of appreciation of the advantage of financial arguments, had offered on his own responsibility an additional reward, for the return of Minnie Ellis, without reference to the capture of her abductor.

"It is very well, gentlemen, to argue," he said, "that we are offering a premium to rascality by this reward, and laying a plan to pay the villain for his crime. But, is there not another side to the question? Shall this innocent child be sacrificed to our selfish fears for ourselves? Shall her family suffer because there is some faint dread of danger to our own children? You can let the reward you have offered for the capture of the criminal stand. I have ro objection to that. But lintend to offer two thousand more, on my own account, for the child's recovery, and hope some of you may add to it."

The latter part of his remarks was interrupted by a faint murmur about the door of the hall, but it failed to interrupt the speaking.

"That's the talk for me!" cried a rich old grain speculator, springing up in the hall. "I wouldn't for a hundred thousand more."

"And I'll make up the five," screamed another, in great excitement. "She is worth as much any day as the confounded rescal that carried her off."

"She is worth more," cried a wealthy operator in pork, eagerly springing to his feet. "Pve

ried her off."

'She is worth more," cried a wealthy operator in pork, eagerly springing to his feet. "I've had a dear child die, and it was a severe blow to me, gentlemen. But I'd rather have her dead ten times than stolen in this way, and not know where she is or what is done with her. I am good for another thousand."

He had to raise his voice almost to a scream to overcome the growing noise in the lower part of the hall. The faint murmur had risen to the eager buzz of a hundred voices.

"Your offers are accepted," said the president of the meeting. "And I venture to return you the thanks of the community for your public spirit. But what is the meaning of that noise? We cannot go on with such an uproar."

A dozen voices were raised in answer, so confusing each other that only the name "Minnie Ellis" could be distinguished.

"We must have order!" cried the president.

"Let some one speak. Mr. Rochester, can you tell me the meaning of this disturbance?"

"There has been something found out about the child," was the answer. "I cannot make out just what."

"What is it? Who knows?" asked the president.

"What is it? Who knows?" asked the president. She is worth more," cried a wealthy opera-

out just what."
"What is it? Who knows?" asked the presi-

dent, eagerly rising.

Ere any definite answer could be had, a new excitement arose at the door of the hall. The erowd swayed back and forward, as if driven by a force from without, and finally split hodly

asunder, some persons without forcing them-selves like a wedge into the mass. At the same time a chorus of shouts and cheers broke from a throng of people who had sudden-ly gathered in the surrounding street. What-ever the cause they seemed to be wild with en-

All semblance of order in the meeting now broke up. Everybody was on his feet, all eyes bent on the door, every tongue eagerly question-

The new-comers pressed still forward into the

mont, holding out her hand with a smile. "And now good-by. Believe me, I will do my best in your cause."

"Good-by, and God bless you forever, dear lady, and give you your own heart's desire!" he said, as he raised that gracious hand to his lips as gracefully as Francis Oliver could have done.

She tightened her rains suddenly and callent.

and y state: should be a state of the state

ly upon her nervous organization. She was in a state of almost hysterical excitement, her eyes sparkling, her lips quivering, while a light seem-ed to emanate from her face, so full was it of

ed to emanate from her face, so full was it of joyful expression.

"Who then have we to thank for this happy recovery?" cried the president, in his excitement catching up the child and eagerly kissing her.

This impulsive act sent another wave of excitement and uproar through the hall.

"Here he is!" answered the captain, pointing to the police officer, who stood beside him.

"No, no!" cried the officer, repressing another effort to cheer. "It wasn't I that found her. I was only a secondary hand in the business."

"Who was it, then?" roared a stentorian voice from the audience.

"It was Picayune Pete," spoke the childish, musical tones of Minnie. "He saved my life when I fell overboard, and he has saved me again now—Picayune Pete, the little ragged street boy."

This story was not mission without many interest by the hearers.

"Now, can we not hear from Minnie Ellis herself?" asked a gentleman on the floor of the hall.

"Will she not tell us how this villain succeeded in carrying her off?"

The excited child, thus questioned, proceeded to describe her adventures, the audience listening with spell-bound interest as her sweet, clear tones sounded through the hall, and reached the ears of listeners in the street without.

There was no interruption to her detailed and child-like narrative, all within hearing remaining as still as death while she proceeded to describe her various adventures, till finally discovered by Pete.

The excited turmoil of voices that followed the conclusion of this narrative was broken by another incident. A man hastily forced his way into the hall, the packed assemblage making way for him as he advanced, his uplifted hand holding a slip of paper.

"A telegraph message!" he cried, still pressing forward.

"What is it?" cried a dozen voices. "Is he

forward.
"What is it?" cried a dozen voices. "Is he captured? Has he escaped?"
"We telegraphed on to every station where there is an agent, within twenty miles of the city," said the man. "The only train that has gone out that he could have escaped on, so far, is one on the Toledo and Chicago road. That train has passed Morgan's, twenty miles from here."

here."
"Any word from there?" asked the president.
"Yes; we sent word on. He is well known to
the conductor on the train. The cars were
searched, and he is not aboard."
The excitement which his entrance had made
round the door was renewed. A second person

round the door was renewed. A second person was making his way in.

"A train has just come in on the T. and C. road," he ejaculated. "They report that Colonel Gree; got on the outward train at Woodville. He must have made his escape at some station between there and Morgan's."

"Where is Picayune Pete? Did he fail to overtake him?" cried the officer.

"He followed him to the station, just too late to give the alarm."

to give the alarm."
Where is he?" asked the president
"He came in by the train. I left him at the

A number of persons forced their way out of the hall at these words, eager to see the boy who was the hero of the hour. A large portion of the exterior assemblage followed them. Minnie clapped her hands with joy, on learning of Pete's safety

A new diversion was created by several ladies now gaining admittance to the hall, among them Minmie's aunt and Madame Lucon.

Room was made to give them passage to the platform, where they caught the child in their arms and almost devoured her with kisses, While this diversion was going on another messenger from the telegraph office had entered. "A man answering Colonel Green's description left the train at Forest station, ten miles out from Toledo. He bought a rifle from the storekeeper there, He bought a rifle from the s

"Has the alarm been given?"

"Yes; but it is feared he has escaped. He had a good horse and a half-hour start. There is no telegraphing up that way. Parties have started out in pursuit; but if he is as smartas he looks, they won't find him."

"This is too bad!" cried the grain speculator, in answer. "Picayune Pete has earned his six thousand, but there is a reward out yet for that villain. The hue and cry must be raised everywhere; the whole country must join in the search. Telegraph at once to every point. Send word out by every train. Rouse the whole country. I will be good for the expense."

The excitement of the day was not yet ended. Another tumult broke out at the door of the hall. A large throng of persons seemed coming

Another tumult broke out at the door of the hall. A large throng of persons seemed coming up the street, with endless cheers and shouts. Many of those near the entrance ran out to see what was meant by this new uproar.

Those remaining gazed eagerly at the door, wondering what new event was about to transpire. The noise was rapidly approaching. Now the form of a burly individual filled up the door of the assembly-room.

He was a well-known blacksmith of the town, and yet wore his leather apron, and carried a large hammer in his left hand.

But seated on his shoulder, as on a chair, and held firmly there by his bared and muscular

But seated on his shoulder, as on a chair, and held firmly there by his bared and muscular right arm, was a ragged, bare-footed, handsome-faced lad, his eyes twinkling in unbounded glee.

"Here's Picayune Pete!" he shouted, "and there's the gal—there's Minnie! Said I'd fotch her, and I fotched her. Pete never goes back on his word, does he, Nicodenus?"

Pete's faithful dog, who had followed him in, responded by a loud bark.

The cheers without were taken up within, as Pete was quickly passed from hand to hand to the platform, where he stood surveying the audience with his usual independence, and with a sense of triumph beaming from his face.

"Tell you what, folks," he cried, "Nick and me done our level best to cotch the kurnel. We went through the woods and across country jist with the platform, where he stood surveying the audience with his usual independence, and with a sense of triumph beaming from his face.

"I saw his face when he found me," persisted Minnie. "I know that he thought of me, and mot of the money. And look at his dreadful ignorance, and the bad boys he goes with, and the bad wayshe has. I would not be doing my duty

me done our level best to cotch the kurnel. We went through the woods and across country jist like two streaks of lightning. But the kurnel flung us. He flung us bad, folks. Anyhow, we fotched the gal, and that's worth nine cheers and a Bengal tiger. Open your mouths and let her out with a will, my noble feller citizens."

Again the hall trembled, as a thousand voices responded in ringing cheers to this stirring appeal.

CHAPTER XIII.

PETE AS A GENTLEMAN OF WEALTH.

PETE remained for several days the lion of Toledo. His adventures were in everybody's mouth, and he was invited to relate them himself to persous who, a few days before, would have

orned to look at him.

But the amount of satisfaction they received depended very much on the manner in which they approached our young friend. He was inthey approached our young friend. He wis in-nately rebellious to any assumption of superior-ity, and had a way of his own of putting down condescension, which people in general called impudence, but which he considered manly inde-

The excited audience again cheered at the sound of her voice. The name of Picayme Pete based through the hall in various tones of wonder, anusement and recognition.

"Where is this boy, this Peter" asked the problem of the problem

the boys.
"It's invested," said Pete, with an air of dig-

nified importance.
"What does that mean?" asked the boy, in sur-

prise.
"It means that an investment are made, and the money put in it."
"But what is an investment?"
"But what is an investment?"

"But what is an investment?"
"But what is an investment?"
"Don't you know what an investment is?"
"I wouldn't have asked you if I'd known."
"See here, Joe Dobbs," said Pete, rising.
"Will you be condescendin' enough to explain what you means by that last observation! If you think you're goin' to put your sells on me 'cause I've got to be a real-estater, you're hoeing your taters in the wrong row, that's me."
"I didn't mean no harm, Pete."
"Lucky you didn't then," said Pete, smoothing his rufiled feathers. "'Cause if you did I'd flatten you down and iron you out in two shakes of a cat's tail. Wait till you git to be a real-estater, and you'll soon find out what an investment are. We gents of property ain't takin' poor folks like you to school."

During these days a feeling of great relief had replaced the former uneasiness of the citizens. The fear thateach father of a family might himself be the next victim of the child-stealers, had produced great mental disquiet in Toledo. The rescue of Minnie, therefore, and the discovery of who the abductor was, had relieved this anxiety. Even if Colonel Green was not captured he would not appear in Toledo again.

The efforts to arrest him had, so far, proved failures. The country to the north had been widely scoured, and his movements had been traced in several instances, but in all cases too late. He managed to keep just beyond the reach of capture.

Mrs. Jones, however, fell into the hands of

late. He managed to keep just beyond the reach of capture.

Mrs. Jones, however, fell into the hands of the law, having ventured into Toledo after her escape from the old house.

But her arrest proved of no benefit. She was subjected to a rigid examination, but displayed a seeming ignorance of the objects of the colonel, and a simplicity of manner that completely baffled her questioners.

The effect of imprisonment was tried on her, but nothing was gained by it. She was either very simple or very shrewd, and was finally released under the belief that she was really free from any criminal complicity with Colonel Green. She persistently declared that he had made her believe that Minnie was his niece.

What the villain's real object had been remained a mystery. His effort to make the child assume a false name seemed intended to make her forget her own. The most popular theory was that he had been hired to make 'way with her by by the person whom Pete had seen in his company, but had formed the plan of keeping her in his own hands for future profitable employment.

Who this third person was no one could con-

had seen.
This left the theorists entirely at sea, and it began to seem as if the villains were destined to escape, despite all efforts to capture them.
In fact, William Denton had met his cousin's return with a genuineness of emotion that seemed incompatible with crime. He could not congratulate her enough on her rescue, and his matter-of-fact mother was quite surprised to learn what an affectionate feeling her son felt to-

ward his cousin.

In fact congratulations, and evidences of affectionate interest, flowed upon Minnie from so many quarters that the child was overwhelmed with happiness to find what a wide circle of friends she had, and how deeply they loved her. She was at that tender age which takes people's words at the meaning given them in the dictivation.

There was one idea that was most firmly implanted in her mind, which was that she owed a large debt of gratifude to Picayune Pete. Efforts were made to convince her that he had been entirely mercenary in his intentions, and that it was the representations of the property of the p

been entirely mercenary in his intentions, and that it was the reward alone that had made him trouble himself about her.

"He has got his reward," said her cousin, "and I do not see that you are under any further obligations to him."

"I think he is very well paid," said Mrs. Denton, "considering his position in society, I mean."

"I saw his face when he found me," persisted Minnie. "I know that he thought of me, and not of the money. And look at his dreadful ignorance, and the bad boys he goes with, and the bad ways he has. I would not be doing my duty if I did not try to make him better."

"Why, my cousin Minnie is not going out as a

Why, my cousin Minnie is not going out as a sionary among the heathen of the streets?" I can't help it if you do laugh," she replied.

"I can't help it it you do saigh, she replace."
I must do something."
The grateful child had a harder task than she imagined. Pete was not anxious to be converted from the error of his ways, and was not likely to yield readily to her persuasions.
But she remembered the fact of his washing his hands ere he would let her touch them, and fancied that she perceived in this actevidence of an influence which she had already gained over him.

She had not yet returned to school. In fact, it was now drawing near to the annual vacation, and her aunt thought it best, after the shock she had received, not to send her back to school during

the present session.

A full detail of these facts and intentions was written to Minnie's father in California, and his advice asked as to continuing her at Madame Lu-

lence.

lose, therefore, who thought to patronize found that they had picked up a very h chestnut bur, and, like the man who constructed in the child was busily looking through Toledo for Pete. She failed to find the child was busily looking through Toledo for Pete. She failed to find thim, however. The fact was, he had gone on a him, however.

You have got the reward, haven't you?"

"I reckon."

"That was all you wanted?"

"Hold your hosses there. I wanted to git the gal clear fust, and the dingbats next."

"You have got both?"

"You have got both?
"Bet I have!"
"That ought to satisfy you, then. She is, as you well say, a young lady. You are a street vagrant. You had best keep away from her."
"Tain't five minutes since I was a young gentleman," said Pete, with a side glance at his com-

panion.
"You took offense at that title, so I won't trouble you with it again. You asked for my opinion, and you have it."
"Is it your real 'pinion? Square on the

"Yes."
"Honest Injun?"
"Yes, I say."
"All right then, hoss. Ain't you afeard some of your noble friends mought see you talkin' here with me? You're gentleman born, you know, and I'm a street vagrant."

"I am not at all afraid."
"I am, then. I don't want to be contamernated. That's your way, and this is my way, and I reckon we'll split here."

Pete suited the action to the word, and started down a by-street at whose corner he had been standing.

standing.

He had not taken ten steps, however, before he turned and looked after his late companion.

"I've been jist 'bout as blind as a mole," he soliloquized, "but there's an idear creepin' through my head. Reckon I'll go and see Minnie, long as you don't want me to. Got to brush up my togs a bit, though," looking down at his unfashionable costume.

CHAPTER XIV. MINNIE'S ODD PUPIL.

orous approach of comb straightened his wild locks into something approaching civilized neatness, and he induced his patrons to advance enough to set him up in a respectable suit of clothes, including shoes and hat.

Thus equipped, Pete started off on his projected visit to Minnie.

It was no direct route which he took thither.

ed visit to Minnie.

It was no direct route which he took thither, but he found himself hurrying through unaccustomed streets, and slinking past places likely to be patronized by his associates.

If he was ashamed to present himself in good society in his ragged condition, he was equally ashamed of being seen by the boys in his present rig. He fancied that he must look supremely ridiculous in store clothes, and for the first time in his life felt a sense of self-depreciation.

Nor did he succeed in escaping the keen eyes of his usual comrades.

of his usual comrades.
"Well—Till—be—blowed!" came slowly from
the lips of a sharp-looking young vagrant, who,
with hands on knees, stared up into Fete's face.

"What the blazes ails you?" cried Pete, angrily.
"If it ain't Picayune Pete, I'll be fizzled!" and the young rascal clapped his hands in enjoy-

ment.
"What if it is, hey?" growled Pete.
"New shoes? Well, that's gay! And store clothes? And a brain-new hat? And his hair slicked? Oh!"

She walked round and round him, as if he had been a statue, and she an art critic.

"Thought I'd git myself up a bit, you know," said Pete, backwardly. "Didn't look fit to come

to see you."
"Why, Pete, you are a real young gentleman.
I had no idea what a good-looking boy you

were."
"Oh, now, drop all that," said Pete, somewhat augrily. "Didn't come here for you to make

angrily. "Didn't come here for you to make fun of me."
"Why, Pete," she cried, in distressed tones,
"I had no idea of such a thing. You are a good-looking boy, and I just mean it. Sit down, Pete; I ought not to keep you standing."
"Oh, nonsense now, gal. I kin stand ten hours at a stretch, and not give in. Ain't much given to cheers." given to cheers."
"But I want you to sit down. It is not polite

"I am so glad you came, Pete. I have not seen you, and had no chance to thank you, and I wanted so much to do so. I owe you so much, and I can never repay you for your goodness," "Good-by, gal. Tim goin' to slope," said Pete, making for the door.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried she, pulling him back. "I cannot let you go that way. What have I done?

"You're piling it on a bit too thick, that's all. I ain't comin' here to fish for compliments, not me."

And you won't let me thank you? After all

"And you won't let me thank you? After all you have done, too?"

"Haven't I got paid for it?"

"I have not paid you."

"I ain't talkin' about the money. That's no account. I went for you, and I brung you. That's pay enough."

"And I am going to thank you for it; and you have got to sit still and let me. You must sit there and hear just what I have to say. And I will chank you till I am tired." The willful little beauty placed her hands on Pete's arms and affected to hold him in his chair.

"Spin it out, then, quick as you know how." Tain't the kind of grub I'm used to."

"Pete, do you know you talk dreadful bad? I wish you would try and pronounce more correctly. Madame would be horrified to hear you."

"Madame's an old fraud. I keer more for your little finger than a ship full of madames."

"I wish you would come around here often and see me, and let me teach you. I would so like it. I am not going to school any more this season."

"Me keep comin' here? A little vagabond like

season."
"Me keep comin' here? A little vagabond like

"You are not a vagabond. I won't let you, nor anybody, say so."

"Why, the old woman would take the broom to me, and I'd have to git quicker. Lookin' fur her now, out the corner of my left eye."

"She won't trouble you. I would like to see her try it!" and her blue eyes flashed. "I just want you to come round here. Come every day, if you will. I am going to teach you to be a good boy, and to take the best of care of yourself, and to talk correctly, and—"

She was interrupted by a low laugh from Pete.

She was interrupted by a low laugh from Pete.

"Now, what are you laughing at? What have I said ridiculous?"

"It is all ridic'lous," said Pete, still laughing.
"If you only knowed what a uphill job you was a-cuttin' out. You mought as well try to make a pair of snuffers out of a pine stump."

"Do you mean that I can't do you any good?"

"I think it's sorter desp'rat."

"Will you come and let me try?"

"Will you come and let me try?"

"We shall see then what a grateful little girl can do."

Pete's interview with Minnie did not last much

Pete's interview with Minnie did not last much longer. His store-clothes were sitting rather stiffly upon him, and he was eager to get them off and feel like himself again.

He had still other new ideas in his head, gained during the last few days. The principal of these was the importance of his going to work to make a respectable living, instead of indulging in the vagabond life to which he had been so addicted.

dicted.

He was accustomed to a great variety of occupations, and had no difficulty in finding profitable employment.

Nor did he neglect Minnie's invitation. Her offer to teach him had no great attraction in his eyes. But Minnie herself was an attraction, and her kind imperiousness was submitted to by Pete with a meekness that surprised himself. It would not have done for any of the boys to try it.

The boy did improve under her instructions.

The boy did improve under her instructions. The most marked part of this progress, however, was in his manners and appearance, which improved more rapidly than his speech under her gentle training.

But Pete was not able to continue this course of life indefinitely. His new idea of making himselt useful to the world induced him to yield to the persuasions of Captain Baker, and to ship for a voyage on the Mary Jane.

His trip was to Mackinaw, and the captain expected to be several weeks absent. But to Pete it was a good opportunity to earn money, make himself useful, and at the same time gratify his love of adventure and fondness for physical exercise.

"My niece, Minnie!" she said, in reply to his question. "Is it possible you don't know about my niece Minnie!" what's wrong?" he asked, in quick apprehension. "Been away two months. Not stole hersion. "Been away two months. Not stole and horror, we beheld our friend Kemply enamed in a towing fight, with a wounded crane. ag'in, hey?"
"No. Her father has sent for her. She has gone to California."
"To Californy?" said Pete, with a long whis"To Californy?" said Pete, with a long whis-

tle of disappointment and surprise, "Well, that's a high dodge. When did she go, if it's a "Three days ago. "She mought have waited a bit longer. How do people git to Californy?"

"She went by rail to St. Louis. From there I judge they will go with some emigrant train."

"Who tuk her?"

"My son William."
"Well, if this ain't a queer dodge. Leave any

"She never thought to trouble herself about you. Are you done questioning? I have no time to stand here." to stand here."
"Dig in, then. I don't keer a raw tater where she goes. You kin go back to your scrubbin' and broomin' soon as you've a mind. Picayune Pete's an independent sorter chap, and don't keer nothin' for nobody."

clothes? And a bran-new hat? And his hair slicked? Oh!"

The last exclamation was the result of a backhanded slap from Pete's hand, which cut the boy's eloquence very short.

"Look here, you cross-eyed rat, do you know who I am?" asked Pete.

"Thought I used to know you."

"The liest was been by sociating with poor folks. Don't you speak to me ag'in afore you're spoke to, or I'll spile your profile."

Pete swaggered on down the street, leaving the boy not daring to speak, but making it up by contemptuous motions behind his back.

Minnie received her new visitor with great surprise. At first glance she did not know him, so metamorphosed was he.

"Thought I used to know you."

Pete swaggered on down the street, leaving the boy not daring to speak, but making it up by contemptuous motions behind his back.

Minnie received her new visitor with great surprise. At first glance she did not know him, so metamorphosed was he.

"Thought I wed to know you."

Pete swaggered on down the street, leaving the boy not daring to speak, but making it up by contemptuous motions behind his back.

Minnie received her new visitor with great surprise. At first glance she did not know him, so metamorphosed was he.

"Thought I wed to know you."

She walked round and round him, as if he had

Look well to the time of doing anything; there is a time for all things. Choose the right time for saving things. If your wife looks wearied and worn out, be sure it is not the right time to tell her that the dinner is not hot, or that the bread is sour. Comforther; cheer her up. Use the ten thousand little stratagems you were wont to handle so skillfully in the old days, to bring out the smiles around her lips.

If you are annoyed or vexed at people, just remember it is not the right time to speak. Close your mouth, shut your teeth together firmly, and it will save you many a useless and unavailing regret, and many a bitter enemy.

If you happen to feel a little cross—and who among us does not at some time or other? do not select that season for reproving your noisy household flock. One word spoken in passion will make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over. LOOK well to the time of doing anything; there

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER

A hero that's dead is a hero forever; He dwells with the Father where all is content; The hero that's living is the hero to pity— For him be the sobbing and moans and lament.

The hero that's dead is hallowed in story, And a halo of romance around him is hung,
While the song of the poet gives life that's immortal

As the deeds of the martyr through ages is sung. The hero that's living is but food for the critics,
And no action too honored for slander to turn;
He receives the swift darts from Enry's full quiver,
For none but the tiving can tell how they burn.

But, wait till the coffin-lid closes above him, And the stings of their envy fall harmless on When clay;
When no more they can harm, to the skies they
will laud him,
For the dark of the tomb giveth justice full sway.

Two heroes of battle, though equal in glory, Yet the one that is fallen is honored and blest; The world sings his praises while love chants a re-

And the laurel wreath crowneth the brow that's at rest. For the hero that lives, no trumpets are sounded! Few praises are echoed, and love will not bloom, And his days slowly pass at some lone St. Helena, For glory but comes when he's cold in the tomb!

Adrift on the Prairie:

THE ADVINTURES OF FOUR YOUNG N'MRODS.

BY OLL COOMES.

XI.—JIM'S FIGHT WITH A WOUNDED "SAND-HILL."

The sun was nearly down, and his red beams shot athwart the sky were mellowed down to a crimson tint. Objects seemed magnified two-fold, and the distance brought nearer by the resplendent light of the autumnal eve.

We looked away toward the hill indicated by our guide, and beheld a number of objects upon it, looming up against the sky clear and distinct. In form they resembled birds, but they were of such gigantic size that we were inclined to discredit the evidence of our own eyes. They appeared to be all of ten feet in hight; their legs were long, as were their necks, which appeared to be craned in the attitude of intense listening. We could think of no American bird of such enormous size, and while we stood reviewing our limited knowledge of ornithology, Uncle Lige came to our relief with the exclamation:

"Boys, them are "sand-hills"; and I tell ye what they are royal old swampers. I would give more fur one of 'em than I would for a deer, and I'd like monsterous well to see you laminate one or two of them. But go easy, boys, for they're the shyest critters that wears feathers."

We resolved to make an attempt to secure one

for they're the shyest critters that wears feathers."

We resolved to make an attempt to secure one or more of the gigantic birds, and leaving our conveyance in care of Uncle Lige, we set off across the plain. When within a mile of the birds we separated, and by a circuitous route surrounded the hill upon which they were perched. Each one's position being known to the others, we approached the hill accordingly, while Uncle Lige drove slowly on that the attention of the birds might be attracted by the moving vehicles.

The grass on the prairie was nearly waist deep, and by crouching low it covered our approach. We moved rapidly, for each one was eager to get the first shot. I was creeping along on the north side of the hill, and had marked a spot ahead of me from which I resolved to try a shot soon as it was reached. Before I had gained the desired point, however, I heard the report of a gun to my left; and glancing forward I saw one of the giant birds on the hill staggering against the sky in vain endeavors to rise aloft with its companions, which, with a terrified noise that might have been heard for miles, rose in the air and winged their way westward in wild confusion.

I straightened up and looked after the birds

PETE was in carnest in his promise to himself to pay a visit to Minnie, but he had arrived at a new conclusion for him, namely, that he was not presentable in the best society.

We must learn our deficiencies before we can correct them, and Pete had just gained one useful lesson, which was destined to work an important change in his appearance and manners. Reforms are of slow growth, however, and Pete's improvement could not be expected to progress very rapidly.

The first evidence he had given of it was his sense of shame on finding that his hands had soiled Minnie's pure white fingers.

But he was not able to continue this course of life indefinitely. His new idea of making against the sky in vain endeavors to rise aloft with its companions, which, with a terrified noise that might have been heard for niles, rose in the portant change in his appearance and manners.

Reforms are of slow growth, however, and provement could not be expected to be several weeks absent. But to Pete it was a good opportunity to earn money, make the same time gratify his love of adventure and fondness for physical exercise.

The Mary Jane was longer in discharging and making up a cargo than her captain expected, and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast and it was nearly two months before she cast of the desired points, ind

While we stood regarding it with wonder and curiosity, a yell on the plain west of us drew our attention in that direction, when, to our surprise and horror, we beheld our friend Kemply engaged in a terrific fight with a wounded crane. We had been apprised of the power and vicious character of these birds, and at once became uneasy for our friend's safety. We could see that the crane's left wing was broken, but it was using the other with fearful rapidity. The bird was the offensive party, and appeared to be giving Jim all he could do to clude the stroke of its powerful wing and the thrust of its beak. giving Jim all he could do to clude the stroke of its powerful wing and the thrust of its beak. Had he been more careful, our friend might have escaped this danger; but supposing the crane dead when it fell, he rushed upon it with

an empty gun.

Jim found use for all his skill and science

boxer and at fencing, and the way he whirled his gun about his head to ward off the blows of the bird's wing, would have done credit to Erin's king of the shillalah. We could not laugh, notwithstanding our inclinations, for we knew our friend was in no little danger.

The battle continued for some property. friend was in no little danger.

The battle continued for some moments, wher Jim finally came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor, and turned trun. The crane made a drive at him with its beak, but, fortunately, the force of the blow was broken by his leather pistol-belt, to which the bird still clung with the desperation of a savage terrier. Jim braced himself and pulled forward, while the crane pulled back; but the powerful strength and weight of the hunter was too much for the vicious "sand-hill," and it was dragged along some distance. But tiring of this mode of retreat, Jim drew his knife, and, reaching back, almost severed the bird's neck with one sweep of the keen blade.

A shout of triumph pealed from the victor's lips; and when he saw that we were watching him from the hill, he tossed his cap in the air and renewed his peals of triumph. Then he turned and took a good look at his prize that lay struggling in its last throes of death.

As soon as it had expired, he took it by the legs, drew them up over his shoulders, and carrying and dragging the bird together, started toward the wagon. We joined him at the foot of the hill, and found him sweating and blowing under his load. His crane was by far the largest of the two, its head and neck dragging on the ground at his heels. The battle continued for some moments, wher

under his load. His crane was by far the largest of the two, its head and neck dragging on the ground at his heels.

We reached our wagon, and, a few minutes later, went into camp on the banks of a little

Jim presented his crane to Uncle Lige, who vowed his intention of preserving the gigantic fellow for the museum of a friend in Chicago, as he—Uncle Lige—made some pretensions to taxi-

dermy.

We thought, at the time, that one of those stately guardians of the hills would be just the bird to take up his silent watch over the desk of the Journal's editor, and regretted our inability

the Journal's editor, and regretted our inability to preserve it for that purpose, even with the help of Uncle Lige.

The night passed pleasantly, though the wolves kept up an incessant howling in the distance, troubling the sleep of Jim's dog, Ben, chained under the wagon.

Early the next morning we were on the move, and by noon that day we reached our old camping-ground, near Swan Lake, and in the immediate vicinity of the Indian encampment.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

THE NEW STAR!

We are in receipt of the following note from the new author, whom it will be our pleasure soon to introduce to the great world of popular literature: CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY, Nov. 6th, 1876.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY, Nov. 6th, 1376.

MESSRS. BEADLE AND ADAMS:

DEAR SIRS:—Per express to-day I forward for your consideration a serial story which I think may prove acceptable to the readers of your excellent SATURDAY JOURNAL. It is in the vein worked to such richness by Captain Mayne Reid, Bret Harte, Albert W. Aiken, and others of less noteworthy name—the wild life of the frontier; the life flavored by the odor of the balsamic pines of this far western land. My story is a plain, straightforward one, and what it lacks in grace of authorship will, I hope, be atoned for by strength of expression and truth of incident I write of scenes, "part of which I was, and all of which I saw." I have had the honor of serving under three flags, and my hand is more used to the handle of the saber and the stock of the revolver than to the clorkly pen, but in my life of adventure I have seen many things worth recording, and in my rude way I have striven to depict them, but "nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice." Trusting that my effort may find favor in your eyes, and that you will pardon my blunt expressions, remembering that the pen of a soldier, like his sword, should always go straight to the point, I remain, Yours respectfully,

DELAWARE SARA,

Late Col. Foreign Legion, Imperial Army of Mexico.

Col. Delle Sara, like a good soldier, does his work well, claiming no honor that his achievement does not merit. His serial story, of which he speaks so

A SUPERB ROMANCE,

that will indeed challenge association with Capt. Mayne Reid, Bret Harte, and Albert W. Aiken, for a finer story of our wild Western life not one of the

authors named have produced. It is so

Fresh, Original and Striking as to command attention from the opening chapter, and every reader realizes that the writer possesses that pen mastery which alone makes the great author. The romance, soon to be given, as already

SILVER SAM;

The Mystery of Deadwood City. A STRANGE STORY OF THE WYOMING PLACERS.

In which it is apparent that the author indeed knows of what he writes. Such incidents of wild "civilization" in the "magic city" of Deadwoodwhere are gathered, at this very moment, more of odd humanity than in any other settlement in the world—has the author wrought in his truly strange story that even his remarkable characters are of ndary interest to the "mystery," and the eventful drama that envelops it until it is a mystery no more. And that a beautiful young woman is the central figure of that drama but adds to its enticement of story and its excitement of action

Readers will give the romance an attention that no serial has commanded for many a month, and in Col. Delle Sara obtain a new favorite they will not willingly consent shall long let his pen remain un used.

Our chromo, "Look at Me. Mamma" has been the success of the year. Every one receiving it has been delighted, and the numerous letters from old friends and new, as well as a perfect flood of notices of the press, prove that we did not claim too much in pronouncing it one of the most charming pictures yet presented by any paper in this country.

A GOOD WORD.

This letter-one from many-is very pleasant as showing how others see us. It comes from a popular author, from whom commendation is a compli-

Messrs. Beadle and Adams:

Dear Sirs:—I hope your great effort to increase the Journal's circulation has proven a grand success, as it certainly deserves to be. Those receiving your pict re are much pleased. No. 355 of the Journal is certainly an issue of which its publishers might be proud. An enthusiastic friend, comparing it with several other weeklies, thought it was like a bright-faced, vivacious maiden, whose coming was alweys attended with joy and pleasure, among a lot of dull spinsters who were without any aspirations." I thought it a good comparison for a young granger to make.

"The Red Cross" is certainly a powerful story. Dr. Legrand's biographical sketches are one of the finest features of the Journal.

We may add that the wish has been fulfilled. The

We may add that the wish has been fulfilled. The SATURDAY JOURNAL starts in on the new year with an accession to its lists of which any paper might well be proud.

Sunshine Papers. Art in Dress.

Art in Dress.

Did you ever see any persons whom you wanted to pounce upon, and shake, and tear to pieces, no matter where you met them, or under what circumstances, or how great strangers they were to you? No? Then it must be owing to superior Christian merit on your part. I cannot otherwise explain it, intelligibly; for many are the unfortunate individuals whom I have longed to treat in some such summary manner, only being restrained from predatory warfare upon their apparel by an unreasonable dread of a police court or an asylum at Bloomingdale.

Really, it is extremely reprehensible the way in which some people do "get themselves up." By "some people" I refer mostly to "female women," as Artemus Ward would say. Christian charity is nowhere when one goes into a street car, or a ferryboat, where a fair proportion of the passengers are of the feminine gender. If one can keep from mentally calling certain of one's neighbors uncomplimentary names it is quite as much as could be expected of any one endowed with six senses, the sixth being common sense; and it is consoling to know that having done the best one can, "angels could no more."

no more The marvel is how women—possessing, as ev ery one of them does, a fair amount of vanity and an innate desire to make themselves, at such times as they are to appear before strangers, as attractive as possible—so frequently succeed in making themselves hideous.

THE taste for emotion may become a dangerous tastractive as possible—so frequently succeed in making themselves hideous.

Not long since I remember seeing, while traveling, a woman whose lack of art in dress made her the cynosure of all eyes. From her pretty feet, with their neat boots, to her throat, her silk suit, seal-skin jacket, dainty gloves, and tiny portemonnaie, were in perfect accord with lady-like taste. But beyond that, oh, horrors! She wore the most barbarous of hats—so unbecoming, so remarkable in shape, so incongruous in trimming, and so startling as to colors; and in ing, so remarkable in shape, so incongruous artimming, and so startling as to colors; and in conjunction with this phenomenal head-gear, her face was shaded by a black vail that might have been the prevailing style during the dark ages, and was embroidered, some inches deep, with glaring yellow. Despite her perfectly lady-like, dignified, and somewhat aristocratic bearing was it any wonder that men and we bearing, was it any wonder that men and wo-men found their gaze drawn, irresistibly, again and again, toward where she sat; and, at vari-ance with good breeding, found the impulse un-controllable to turn and stare after her upon the

There is never a day that the optical organs and the nervous system of persons who go often abroad, are not afflicted by some such barbarism in dress, these same barbarities proving a tempin dress, these same barbarities proving a temptation to the continuance of good morals, and threatening to the sanity of people endowed with ever so little artistic taste. Who has not espied the head of some quakerishly-costumed and prepossessing-looking young woman adorned with a jute switch; ladies wearing a lace sacque or grenadine dress late in November; a black costume in which underskirt, overskirt, and sacque, were of three different materials and shades; adornings in several conflicting shades of the same color; and garments of glaring and ill-assorted hues?

of the same color; and garments of glaring and ill-assorted hues?

How often have I wished that a school for teaching art in dress might be established in every city and village in our land; where fat women might learn how much stouter they appear in bobbed off basques and plaid goods, and thin people might discover how immensely certain styles of garments and certain styles of cloths increase their longitudinal proportions. There should be rooms lined on every side, from floor to ceiling, with mirrors, that the students, by constant reflections and reproductions of their own figures, might be taught to understand that hats, and cloaks, and dresses, and colors, must be varied to suit different hights and styles and complexions.

be varied to suit different hights and styles and complexions.

They should learn, moreover, that true art in dress consists largely in appropriateness between the costume and the occasion upon which it is to be worn. They should be instructed, also, to eschew all that is vulgar, loud, unneat and unhealthy; and every woman should know that a true lady always avoids being among the first to adopt a new and prominent fashion, and never clings to that fashion after it has so long been abandoned by others that her appearance will abandoned by others that her appearance will be novel and render her an object of attention.

A Parson's Daughter.

SNOW-BOUND.

Were you ever snowed up? Has that de-ightful sensation been vouchsafed you? Has it been your felicity to be caught in that manner been your felicity to be caught in that manner fifty miles away from the railroad and you were obliged to remain at a little country tavern until the roads were passable? I tell you it is pleasant, and you would not change going to the opera for it. You'd feel just like biting your finger nails and be miserable enough to read an epitaph book.

In the first place the tavern is generally a shell of a house and the parlor anything but a comfortable place to sit in. The smell of the cooking comes from the kitchen and the smell of tobacco comes from the bar-room, neither of

cooking comes from the kitchen and the smell of tobacco conses from the bar-room, neither of which is very agreeable; but, taken together, are almost unbearable.

Literature you think will dissipate your gloomy feelings, so you look about for something to read. Perhaps you'll light on a two weeks old newspaper and learn that Farmer Jones sold a heifer last week to Farmer Smith, or that Storekeeper Sampson is building a cellar and Mrs. Nancy Pringles has some idea of cleaning out her well. What do you care for all these things? You think an editor must be hard up for news to print such items, and you imagine it is done because the said individuals are subscribers for the paper, who, if they are not noticed, would withold their patronage from the paper.

the paper.

An almanac is the next article you lay your hands on, and your eyes wander to the account of gladsome summer until you wish that season would come and melt all the snow. You look at the unearthly pictures of poor suffering humanity and then read of their remarkable cures. Then you wonder why everybody does not take "Bitterroot's pills" and save their lives? Then you grow uncharitable and think these certifi-

cates are not given out of thankfulness of heart, but to gratify a vanity of seeing themselves in print.

A book of martyrs comes next on the list, and you think they may have had their sufferings, but, they never were snow-bound at a miserable little tavern, fifty miles from a rail-way!

miserable little tavern, fifty miles from a ran-way!

It is very likely the landlord will come to comfort (?) you by telling you there have been some heavy drifts (just as though you were ig-norant of that fact!) and he wouldn't wonder but the roads couldn't be broken out for three days. Wouldn't you feel like calling a blessing down on his head? He tells you he is extremely sorry you have been snow-bound, but he isn't, for it's more money in his pocket for you to stay, and you think how he is chuckling to him-self because he'll be a few dollars richer through your inconvenience.

your inconvenience.

The landlady comes in, very red as to the The landlady comes in, very red as to the face, and very floury as to the hands, wanting to know if there is anything she can do for you. Your lips itch to tell her that, if she really desires to oblige you, she might go out and clear the roads, but you call a smile to your countenance—a ghastly, sickly smile most likely—and say, "No, thankye." You are hypocritical, but you can't help it, and you have the best of all possible excuses—you are snow bound!

you can't help it, and you have the best of all possible excuses—you are snow bound!
You envy the hearty eaters at the dimertable. You don't feel as if you could eat one mouthful. Things wear a very funereal aspect to you and you don't know but you had better make your will.

How desolate the prospect seems to you—snow, snow everywhere, and how cold everything looks! The signboard seems to creak "Snow-bound! snow-bound!" until you wish some one would come along with an ax and chop it down.

some one would come along with an ax and chop it down.

If there ever comes a time that you wish you were a man it is when you see these lords of creation slumping through the snow with their big boots on, as though they really enjoyed it, and they probably do.

We think masculines are less prone to fret about bad weather than we females. They haven't so much cause, for they can go through what we cannot. The men—I don't mean fops and dandies—are willing to wear boots and thick clothing no matter if they do make them look large, which we women will not do. This may be one reason why the male sex is more romay be one reason why the male sex is more romay be one reason why the male sex is more romay be one reason why the male sex is more romay be one reason why the male sex is more romay be one reason why the male sex is more romay be one reason why the male sex is more romay be one reason why the male sex is more romay the male sex is more romay. nay be one reason why the male sex is more ro-

At night we have to sleep in the spare room, in cold sheets. We strive to bring forgetfulness in sleep, but we cannot sleep, for we are thoroughly chilled through. If we do manage to doze, we dream we are cruising about the ocean on an iceberg, and we wake to find that we might as well be for all the warmth we can

obtain.

But troubles do not last forever, and roads are broken at length so that we can escape from our prison and go on our journey rejoicing. Whether we have been chastened by our sufferings is questionable.

One thing we do know, and that is—we never want to be snow-bound again.

EVE LAWLESS.

stasy and paroxysm than it can well afford.

Foolscap Papers

Reforms.

As it is customary, at the beginning of the year, for all well-regulated men to turn over a new leaf for the new year—and make it just like the last one, with, perhaps, a few more blots—I proceed to do the same, and lay off some reforms which I shall strictly adhere to—as long as they last.

A man who does not reform at least once a year is pretty for going down the more ladder.

year, is pretty far gone down the moral ladder, and I think it is every man's bounden duty to put on better habits as much as it is to put on a

put on better habits as much as it is to put on a clean shirt, even if they don't last.

A man always feels better and nobler after a reformation, and, since I have made one, I feel nobler than a nobleman, and will, perhaps, until the newness wears completely off, like hap.

These new rules which I have laid down are made of India whiles and are warranted as the made of India rubber, and are warranted not to break, even if they are bruised. Here is the copy which I have pasted in my

RULES FOR 1877.

Know all men, by these presents, that I, Washington Whitehorn, in convention assembled by myself, being of sounded mind, and fully capable of almost distinguishing right from wrong, and knowing that by continuing in doing wrong a man is likely to become rich and miserable, therefore I do resolve—

That I will land no man any money this year.

That I will lend no man any money this year, and if I borrow any, it will make no difference to anybody, except the man who lends, and he will have ample time to figure out the interest

will have ample time to figure out the interest on it several times—
That I will invest no more money in heathen; let them start a bank of their own—
That, as the habit of smoking is pernicious and destructive, I will only smoke one cigar at a time, if I die in the attempt—
That I will stick exclusively to the truth, and and never tell a lie which nobody would believe—

lieve—
That I will always read the papers upside down, so I will get the reverse of the news, and be about half right—
That hereafter I will put my confidence in no living being, as I don't want to lose it, having so little of it—

little of it—
That I will always get up before breakfast, and if the weather is cold, will either get up early or hire a hand to get up for me—
That I will be so good this year that people will hold me up by the nape of the neck as a model for all good little boys and girls, and everybody will say, "Well, I declare," and walk away with a bad opinion of even themselves—

That I will spend no money foolishly this year,

and endeavor to get along without paying out a great deal more than I earn—
That when I make any kind of a trade with a man, I will not take any more advantage over him than I think he would take of me if he got

a chance—
That I will go to church as long as I think my clothes are a little better than anybody else's—
with the reverse on your mind, I'd like to know how you can have that peace of mind necessary to perfect religious sevenity.

to perfect religious serenity—
That I shall not be bulldozed or intimidated by female aunts on the other side of the house—
That I will not raise any unnecessary disputes about the house, but be as patient as the law allows. A wise resolve. You would do the

That I will keep up a regular diet, and never at any time eat much more than I can hold, no matter how much is on my friend's table—

That I will treat my creditors with true civil—

ity, just as if they were human beings, so they will be pleased enough to call again, to suit their That I will be as honest as the force of circum-

That I will be as honest as the force of circumstances will permit; and if any one gives me too much money in change, I will go home, and use my utmost exertions to bring it back, even if I fail in the attempt—

That I will listen patiently for three hours to any life insurance or book agent; after that time I will get mad, and my anger will indicate two hundred and forty degrees above zero, and the coroner will be about the most soothing man to be called—

world. You see, I'm the man who first introduced bravery, and can look the countenance out of a shot-gun in a few minutes—

That I will accept of no dinners out, except those to which I am invited—

That I will work a little this year, if it comes down to be an absolute sorrowful necessity.

That I will never lend an umbrella, nor return a horrowed one—

That I will never swear on useless occasions.

That I will never take a *single* drop of wine at

That I will never take a single drop of wine at any time—

That, if I should get into a fight, it will not be my fault, and I will get out of it in the course of a very small amount of time—as usual—

That I will be cheerful, and always look on the bright side of a silver dollar.

That I will take good care of my health, and live strictly according to almanac of 1877—

That, if I should, by accident, happen to come home too late at night, and have to climb through the transom it will not be my fault.

through the transom, it will not be my fault That I will get up every morning.

Sworn at, and subscribed to, by

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Reformer.

WHEN NOT TO DO IT.

IF you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home weary from his day's business. It is not the time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times; it is most assuredly the wrong

time.

If he had entered upon any undertaking against your advice, do not seize in the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four mono-

If people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, and less silent sorrow, and less estrangement of hearts! The greatest calamities that ever shadow our lives have sometimes their germ in matters as apparently slight as this. If you pause, reader, before the stinging taunt or the bifing sneer, the mkind scoff passes your lips, pause just long enough to ask yourself, "Is it the right time for me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a heartsche

Topics of the Time.

—Deadwood, in the Black Hills, already boasts a Mayor, a Judge, a Coroner, and other pub-lic diggin-itaries.

—You can buy a pair of prairie chickens for a dime now—but you must go to Fort Worth, Texas, to get them.

—Professor Huxley says that biological rearches by means of vivisection are leading to such a knowledge of epidemic diseases a vill enable us finally to sweep these scourge

of the human race from the face of the earth The first stone of a grand national museum or Amsterdam, in which the collections, hith-tio dispersed, of the Trippenhuis, the Van er Hoof Museum, and the Stadhaus are to e united, was laid in that city a few weeks

since.

—In "Lucky Star," a play enacted in Chicago a stag-hunt is represented with real deer, hor ses and dogs. One of the deer jumped from the stage among the musicians, sticking a leg through a drum, and smashing a fiddle. The scared the horses, and two riders were thrown The people were well entertained.

—The latest gastronomic absurdity at Paris is serving up a tray of jewels at dessert, the gembeling imitated by colored jellies in settings o sugar. They are served singly on cards in scribed with the approximate value of precious stones of that size and kind.

—It is a remarkable fact that every day in the week is observed by some nation for the public celebration of religious services. Sunday is devoted by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Hebrews.

by the Turks, and Saturday by the Hebrews.

—The Empress of Germany is one of the most simply dressed of women, except on occasions of ceremony. Her bills are said to be less in amount than those of the wives of many of the Berlin merchants. She not unfrequently is seen driving out in a calico dress, and the Princess Bismarck, fresh and comely, though past sixtytwo, superintends her farm work, goes about the house with a great bunch of keys at her girdle in the good old style, and her bed-rooms are filled with knitted quilts and such articles, evidences of her own skill and industry.

—The musk ox is one of the most remarkable quadrupeds to be found in the Arctic regions It is about the hight of a deer, but is much stouter, and appears larger than it really is from the great profusion of long, matted wool en hair which covers the whole body, and concals a thick coat of extremely fine wool. The head is large and broad, and the horns very broad at the base, are about two feet in length.

length.

—It is a singular fact that many of the ladies appear to be left-handed. A correspondent says that in his travels about cities, in horse-cars, stage-coaches, and omnibuses, it has been observed that the female passengers generally have their right hand gloved, while the left is bare, and they invariably use the latter in taking change from their portemonnaies to pay their fare, shaking hands, or in making gestures. A horrid old bachelor who was asked to explain this singular phenomenon said it was all right; that it was only a left-handed way of showing jewelry. showing jewelry.

—At oroville, California, vast flocks of wild geese are descending upon the wheat fields, and hey have become such a nuisance that all of the large farmers are compelled to hire men to walk back and forth over the grain fields, gun in hand, and discharge it dozens of times each day in order to keep the crop from being destroyed. Large numbers of them are being killed, some of which are never taken from where they fall. Thus the fertile soil is made more so.

The New Testament, after years and centuries of effort to get together in the shape it is now, was added to the Bible as the New Testament er tire, in 1525, at Worms, by Wm. Tyndall, from the original Greek. Coverdale, his brother in the work, finished his edition of the Old Testament in 1535, which were followed by an edition of what was called the Greek Bible, which became the anthorized version of the Bible under Edward VI. James I. ordered a revision of the Bible, which work was done by forty-seven divines, and in 1611 was issued as revised, expunged and corrected, to suit those engaged in the work.

That I will away speak well of my neighbor—
That I will away speak well of my neighbor—
That I will away speak well of my neighbor—
That I will away speak well of my neighbor—
That I will away speak well of my neighbor—
That I will away speak well of my neighbor—
That I will away speak well of my neighbor—
That I will sea no profane language, no matter how long my wife's maiden aunt remains—
That I will not start a bank. This is a permicious habit, and should be reformed. I don't think I will do any such a thing this year. No, I will not start a bank. I shall not do any such a folish thing—
That I will alow, under no consideration, a man to call me a liar, no matter how sickly or crippled up he may be—
That I will alow, under no consideration, a man to call me a liar, no matter how sickly or crippled up he may be—
That I will be patriotic, and if this country should be invaded again, like my revolutionary ancestors, I would shoulder my arms, hire some more hands, and, if the invaders were in retreat, I would proudly follow them to the end of the work.

That I will alow, under no consideration, a man to call me a liar, no matter how sickly or crippled up he may be—
That I will alow, under no consideration, a man to call me a liar, no matter how sickly or crippled up he may be—
That I will alow, under no consideration, a man to call me a liar, no matter how sickly or crippled up he may be—
That I will alow, under no consideration, a man to call me a liar, no matter how sickly or crippled up he may be—
That I will alow, under no consideration, a man to call me a liar, no matter how sickly or crippled up he may be—
That I will accept of no dingers out except.

The there is not strange that the Tentonic brain it is not strange that the Tentonic brain it is not strange that the Tentonic brain it is not strange to not of lager to one of his customers, and was offered a twenty-dollar gold page in the work.

—The silver controversy is sufficiently complex to the control of lager to one of his customers, and was offered

bilver question.

—Dr. Schliemann continues to make new discoveries. In the tomb recently opened at Mycenæ he found a large golden mask and an enormous breastplate of gold. He also found the body of a man, wonderfully preserved, especially the face. The head was round, the eyes large, and the mouth contained thirty-two fine teeth. There is, however, a difficulty about preserving the remains. There were also found fifteen bronze swords, with great golden hilts—a mass of immense golden buttons, splendidly engraved, ornamented the sheaths of the swords; also two great golden buttons, splendidly engraved, ornamented the sheaths of the swords; also two great golden buttons, spendidly engraved, ornamented the sheaths of the swords; also two great golden goldes and a great quantity of other objects in gold, articles in earthenware, a carved wooden box, several articles in chased crystal, ten large cooking utensils of bronze, but no traces of anything in iron or glass.

—Between 17,000 and 20,000 allters.

—Between 17,000 and 20,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg. The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great center of business. The Florida swamps and morasses are now the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, the great depot. The alligators often attain a length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to an old age. The hides are stripped off, and the belly and sides, the only portions fit for use, are packed in barrels, in strong brine and shipped to the northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready to be cut up. So far the leather has been mainly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes, but handsome slippers are also made of it.

are of boots and shoes, but handsome suppers are also made of it.

—The plans of M. Daviond for the palace on the Trocadero, which is to be the main building of the Paris exposition of 1878 are finished. The building is to be of stone and terra-cotta, and will probably be built so solidly that the city of Paris will buy it when the show is over, and turn it to some account. The architecture will be Arabesque. The palace will be flanked by two extensive lateral galleries for the horticultural and agricultural exhibitions. At the sides will be two lighthouses, each two hundred and fifty feet high, the lanterns of which will be visible in every point in Paris. These towers will be used for experiments with electric light and the various international methods of lighting. The slopes of the Trocadero will be decorated gardens belonging to the different nations, and with a cascade, which is thu described by M. Ph Burty in the London Academy: "It will spring from the very base of the palace, from the pedestal of a group of large decorative figures in stone and bronze. A grotton estles behind the curve described by this cascade, which will have a fail of nine meters. Through this sheet of crystal the spectator will see, confusedly, the whole extent of the Universal Exhibition with its buildings, and its gardens stretching away over the Camp de Mars, as far as to the Ecole Militaire, there beyond, in all directions, the great basin of me to speak?" you would shut the door against many a heartache.

The world hinges on small things, and there are not many more trivial than the right time and the wrong.

The world hinges on small things, and there are not many more trivial than the right time and the wrong.

Wersat Exhibition with its buildings, and if gardens stretching away over the Camp d Mars, as far as to the Ecole Militaire, there are not many more trivial than the right time and bordering on the horizon by picturesquinkills."

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Our Bible class;" "Adrift;" "To —; "A Slighted Tryst;" "Just a Passing Cloud;" "Coasting with the Girls; "The Reason Why," (A musing); "The Sword Drawn;" "Thoughts."

Declined: "There are Seasons and Times;" "A New Sensation;" "The Belle of the Night;" "Miss Posey's Adventure;" "A Way to Failure;" "Old Job Pigson;" "We Met to Part;" "Oh, Let it Not Be."

H. A. K. We are in no want of matter submitted. EMMA. Must have correct name. See what is said to "Horace."

MRS. L. C. C. We have written, declining the offer. Try some other weekly. Oris E. E. We know of no author of that name

It is probably a nom de pume.

HORACE, Reading, Pa. Give us your real name, and the assurance that "Nowadays" is original with you.

Nobody's Box. Polishers use both emery and leather, and a "luft" of chamois skin or cotton. Jewelers use a polishing circular brush.

GEO. D. L. Buffalo Bil's first story in the Saturday Journal was "Deadly Eye." We have stories by the authors named.

OTHELLO. You nor I nor any one knows by what kind of spirits the table goes. It is some occult force, that is certain, but as to its being independent of persons is a question. JOHNNY SMOKER. Meerschaum pipes are "colored" by time and use. True meerschaum colors very slowly. A meerschaum (so-called) is made that is tinted in the material.

FISHAMONY. The Sioux are divided into several tribes, and the sub-tribes sometimes sub-divide into chieftainships. There is no single great chief who rules all the Sioux.

J. McC. Write to American News Co. for "Hunters' and Trappers' Guide." Game long since received from Wisconsin and Michigan as sources of profit to hunt and trap. Canada and our own great North-west is the field for fur animals. WOODPECKER. Story "Erminie" runs through twenty-four numbers. Price, six cents each.—Your aunt is right in saying "foolish boy," for the close relationship forbids all ideas of marriage.—Your lips grow parched from nervous excitement, which will pass away as you become more accustomed to society. Practice writing as a practice. You do very well now.

very well now.

H. H. All trainers adapt the diet to the constitution, temperament and habits of the subject. To prevent the accumulation of fatty tissue (foul flesh, as you term it), avoid starchy foods and sweets. A diet of meat gives muscle, fish gives nervous vigor; ale gives solidity of tissue where used with a meat diet; coffee and spirits are wholly prohibited; tea (not too strong) is permissable, etc., etc. But, quite as much as food is the requirer theorem of eating, and the matter of sleep. No one can develop strength and endurance who does not sleep well and at proper hours.—Other queries answered next week.

swered next week.

M. L. M. Times are hard on all hands, and it is very difficult to say what to do. Of one thing be assured—a way will be opened sometime if you keep up courage and a cheerful mood. Despondency accomplishes nothing to tharm. Take what sunshine comes in your path and make the most of it. If you can make sunshine for yourself and others, do it. A light-hearted girl who makes others happy around her is sure to be popular and to obtain the reward of others striving to make her happy.

France Brooklyn, write:—"We are two young

it. A light-nearted girl who makes others happy around her is sure to be popular and to obtain the reward of others striving to make her happy.

FLIMTS, Brooklyn, write:—"We are two young gentlemen who would like your opinion upon a certain subject. The other night we attended a fair, and saw an elegant young lady who quite attracted our attention, and seemed not at all averse to receiving our admiring glances and returning our smiles. She gave us so much encouragement that we asked a lady friend, who was also acquainted with her, to obtain for us an introduction. When asked if she would be introduced to us she answered, sharply, "No:" and did not notice us for some time. After a little, just before we departed, she commenced flirting with us again. What do you think of this case? Would it not have been better taste for the lady to have accepted the introduction? Do you not think her refusal was rude under the circumstances?"—A woman who will so demean herself as to flirt with a stranger has no cause to be indignant, nor to seek for redress, if that stranger should presume to speak to her without an introduction. Probably the young woman in question was just vain and silly enough to encourage your ungentlemanly behavior, and too much of a coward to face the consequences. We think all parties in the case might improve in common-sense and good manners.

MRS J. D. W.—You will find it much more inexpensive to make the new collars and cuffs, so much in demand, at home. They are combinations of narrow nansook embroidery and valenciennes lace. Buy one yard and a quarter of real lace edging, nearly or quite an inch wide. Upon a strip of the embroidery, just the length of a linen Piccadilly collar, that fits your neck, full the lace slightly and neatly, sewing it on just underneath he points of the embroidered and lace strip should be turned over in imitation of the collars. The cuffs are made to match and sewed to linen to make them deeper.

Mrs. W. H. L. writes:—"Some time ago my husband and myself made an evening cal

match and sewed to linen to make them deeper.

Mrs. W. H. L. writes:—"Some time ago my husband and myself made an evening call upon a lady and gentleman, between whom and ourselves an interchange of such visits had been customary. When we arose to leave—having seen only the lady herself—we inquired after her husband, and something was casually remarked about his being away, when the lady replied that he was as well as usual and was up stairs. We were much surprised; and do you not think we were justified in looking upon the matter in the light of an insult? How should we treat the persons when we meet them again?" It certainly was very questionable behavior on the part of the gentleman of the house not to appear below; still there may have been some good excuse for it, and we would advise you to treat the lady and gentleman with formal politeness so long as their future behavior warrants it.

"PRETTY POLL," Bricksburg:—White ties are

and gentleman with formal politeness so long as their future behavior warrants it.

"Pretty Poll," Bricksburg:—White ties are still worn; but as you desire to procure "the latest style," we would advise you to send for a white lace handkerchief or bib. These are worn about the neck and fastened so that the corners or tabs cress in the back, where they are secured by a small clasp or pin. They may be worn with the dress or outside of the cloak, in the same style as little children wear them. The next favorite adornment for the neck is a short, wide scarf of black lace, fastened in front by a clasp pin, and worn so high and in such thick folds as to entirely conceal the collar and dress trimmings.

Ed. W. S. writes:—"I was calling at the house of a lady friend where my lady-love was staying, when the hostess' brother called, and, after greeting his sister, immediately kissed my betrothed, before noticing his brother-in-law and myself. I was very angry, and, as soon as we were alone, reproved the lady for allowing him to greet her in such a manner. She answered that she could not have avoided it, and, that as he was much younger than herself and she had known him intimately since he was a baby, she could not see any harn in it. An we quarreled so that she has treated me very dista ritly ever since. Who was right? And, since I cannot bear to have any hard feelings between us, what should I do in the matter?"—As your lady-love's explanation seemed a very matter of fact and reasonable one, we think you might have accepted it; suppose, now, you write her a loving letter and "make up." Probably, if you tell her how seriously you object to her receiving any affectionate treatment from her old friends and request her in a loving manner to regard your wishes on that subject, she will gladly please you.

BELLE H. writes:—"A young lady about to be married, at a family gathering, had musicians engaged

ject, she will gladly please you.

Belle H. writes:—"A young lady about to be married, at a family gathering, had musicians engaged to furnish dance music on that occasion, when she discovered that one of the bridegroom's relatives seriously objected to such amusement. Under such circumstances what do you think the young lady should do? Forego the amusement of the evening, and a pleasure to which her family were particularly partial, and countermand the orders for music, to please one person, or have matters progres; in accordance with the arrangements of her family?—If the bride is married in her own home, and the party is given by her parents, the tree is the privilege of making what arrangements they choose, and any invited guest, of ordinary intelligence and good breeding, will accept matters without comment as they are found in a stranger's house. Though if dancing seems undesirable to the bridegroom, the bride and her parents may like to consult his wishes.

VILLAGE BELLE asks:—"Can you tell me of any

to consult his wishes.

VILLAGE BELLE asks:—" Can you tell me of any way in which I can clean my own light gloves to make them look neat and nice?"—We have, at various times, given recipes for cleaning kid gloves, one of which is to wash them, on the hands, in a lather of milk and fine soap. But, if you have any friend living in a city, you will find it much better to obtain the address of some dyeing and cleaning establishment, and send your gloves there by mail with your address. They will be made to look like new for ten cents and three or six cents expended on stamps.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

OUR BIBLE CLASS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Cheerful even winter weather
When our social eves we pass,
At a neighbor's met together
In our pleasant Bible class.
There our kind and gentle pastor
Shows, in words with wisdom rife,
What the good and holy Master
Teaches in His Book of Life.

There we learn His loving kindness
Who has given balm and light—
That to heal our mental blindness,
This to guide our steps aright.
While, in study and communion,
O er each sacred page we pass,
Sweet the sphere of peace and union
That surrounds our Bible class.

Searching in that mine prolification we treasures stored of old. Richer far than lands Pacification of the searchers after gold—Treasures of the mind and spirit, which the humble and the pure From the Father shall inherit, while His heavenly realms endure.

May we read these Holy Writings In a still, submissive mood In a still, submissive mood,
And obey their kind invitings
To a life of truth and good.
Love to God and to the neighbor
Then our spirits shall amass,
And we'll bless the pleasant labor
Of our happy Bible class.

The Red Cross;

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS. BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING OUT IN THE NIGHT.

It is midnight now; ten thousand frogs croak harshly from their slimy homes among the reeds that margin the still waters; a low breath sweeps over the darkened vale like the tired sigh of slumbering Nature; the moon wades through an ocean of pallid clouds like a fair fame through calumnies which dim its luster; there is an expression of resting and waiting universal.

The cottage of the Korchevals is dark and silent. GOING OUT IN THE NIGHT.

lent.
At last the unhappy father sleeps, his faithful Margaret still sitting by his side, her head resting on the same pillow which supports his, and her kind hands clasping his as they did twenty years

At last the unhappy father sleeps, his faithful Margaret still stiting by his side, her head restilig on the same pillow which supports his, and her kind hands clasping his as they did twenty years ago.

The children are supposed to be abed hours since; but Anne leans out from her little window up-stairs, watching the night drift by.

Brave, patient, loyal Anne Kercheval, there are saints in the calendar and martyrs on the roll—there are heroes in history and royal ladies on thrones—and placing thee beside them their luster pales in the fuller splendor of thy great and lofty endurance, even as these glimmering stars are lost and forgotten when Luna sheds her pure, shining light on earth and sky!

For ten years this young girl has not known one day free from care. She has made her father's misfortunes her own; his anxieties she has borne; his disappointments have struck her as soon as they struck him; she has been his ally, confidante, adviser and sympathizer—part and parcel of himself and his misfortunes.

From the moment when she first beheld this fatal spot to which his evil genius has beguiled him, she has loathed it with unutterable detestation, and day by day has watched with never exhausted expectation for a chance to escape from it. Meanwhile she has had the misery of seeing the fruits of her indefatigable labors invariably lost, turned to naught; squandered away on the pitiful speculations of a man whose natural business ability has been warped by grief into the visionary folly of a weakened intellect; she has also had to play the role of counselor, consoler and mainstay of her despairing mother, who, dethroned from a proud position as queen of society, would inevitably have succumbed to despair were it not for her eldest daughter's noble spirit; and, what has perhaps been the most difficult task of all, she has had much of the rearing of the younger children to attend to; and has found herself opposed from their earliest infancy by a mysterious spirit of antagonism which her perhaps here in the heart o

Hush! A footstep on the grass between the heavy-headed hollyhocks.
Who is it?

Who is it?
Dreamily Anne listens. Fear does not occur to her; not even curiosity. Old Bruno, the house-dog, rushes out of his kennel with a volley of yelps; surprised from his slumbers, he cannot utter his barks fast enough; but the torrent is cut short like a jet of water in the middle by a word in a low voice, and Bruno's heavy body is heard jumping about in clumsy welcome of some well-known friend. So then Anne leans out of her window and sees beneath the tall figure of Arch Arran, standing like a sentinel, in contemptuous indifference to the dog's friendly antics around him. Anne draws back half choked. He has come to sue again—her trial is not over yet.

God give her strength-God give her unselfish-

Hush!
Did he say—"Josie *" Impossible! Oh, no, Arch
s no villain—away with the unworthy thought!
Again—"Josie!"
Great Heaven, he is calling the poor child!
Of course he is; it is her window he stands betore; she has only to raise the sash and he can

fore; she has only to raise the same fore; she has only to raise the same touch her.

Now what does this mean? Ah—that kiss—that embrace before her eyes in the afternoom—those warm words of gratitude for Josie's kindness—alas! Can Arch Arran then turn so quickly from the old can arch arran then turn so quickly from the old.

takes the grand passion! Anne has trembled if he but looked at her). "I s'pose you don't want me to be as grum as Nan, do you? 'Cos if you do, you'd better go back to her again."

A flerce oath is her answer, and he flings her from him roughly.

"There are some things I wouldn't advise anybody to talk about when I'm handy," he mutters, presently, when Josie has got her tears to begin flowing; "you've sense enough to know that I wouldn't hev asked your sister to marry me if I hadn't liked her above all earthly things, an' that her refus'n' doesn't make my likin' any less, though I choose to give her an' all cold, proud women a lesson by turnin' round to her sister an' carryin' her off to California with me. An' as for your part in this here revenge of mine, my pretty Miss, it doesn t warm my heart any toward you to see you so willin' for to play your sister false, her that has desarved better of you, if ever sister did."

There is an awkward pause. Josie hangs her head and fidgets from foot to foot, evidently abashed. Anne feels so faint and pauts so heavily that she fears they will hear her, and stifles herself in her long, thick hair. Arch stalks to and fro, Bruno lumbering after him, and looking up in his face at every turning, with an inquiring crook of the tail.

Suddenly Josie glides to his side, and drifts both

lumbering after him, and looking up in his face at every turning, with an inquiring crook of the tail.

Suddenly Josie glides to his side, and drifts both her slim, white hands onto his sleeve, like pretty little snowflakes.

"Arch, dear," she coos, with the tragedy thrill in her voice; "if you only knew how I admire you for them feelings! Did you think I was in earnest about goin with you? I was only tryin' you! No, indeed, I ll never come between true lovers; instead, I'll plead with her night an' day to try to love you as you desarve. Many's the time I've done it already, Arch, though you never suspected who made her treat you as kind as she did, for, whatever's the reason, poor Nannie always felt herself too far above Arch Arran to relish the alliance, as she used to say—"

"That'll do, my chick," interrupts Arch, between his teeth; "if you're in earnest about making it all right atween us two, you take the oddest way of provin' it. No, thank you, I'll wheedle for no woman's love, least of all with one that thinks me no fit mate for her majesty. So, that's over. Now about you only tryin' me, an' not meanin' to go with me: we'll consider that argued, an' me the winner, an' sink the subject. Since Anne has treated me so badly, it's clear that Anne's sister should make it up to me. I've sold out to uncle i'm, got enough of the cash to travel on, an' am all ready for California. By dawn I'll be many a mile off. Come or stay; take me or leave me, it don't matter much to me which way the cat jumps. Well?"

Josie pouts and tosses her head, she means to be won, of course, but she would (naturally) like to be wood. little it.

misfortune to quarrel with his partner so seriously that they deemed it most prudent to make an abrupt separation and each to go his own way infuture, without reference to the other.

Reasons?

Acting entirely on his own responsibility, Gaylure, the younger, who had put least capital into the concern, who was of least executive ability of the two partners, had insisted on going on the track of the new-made baron to bring him home-news which he might very probably consider not of the slightest importance; and thus Gaylure had unwarrantably endangered the interests of the firm by possibly giving the baron mortal offense, since he had departed on his ill-timed trip round the world with the express injunction that his men of business should remain in charge of his affairs until he chose to return at his own convenience. These tidings of themselves might have seriously displeased him had they ever reached him; since they were none of the than that a claimant had come forward to contest with him his title to the lands of the late Baron of Warren-Guilderland. This was a young man, not yet of age, who had been put forward by some scheming parties still in the background, and whose life, up to the moment when he entered the office of the astonished partners was carefully shrouded in mystery.

His name was Griffith Thetford.

Gryppe had advocated the policy of waiting passively for the enemy to unmask his batteries, arguing from the impulsive, generous, amiable character of the youth that it could never have been he who had concocted such a scheme; but Gaylure had taken his own way, anxious only to be first at the baron's ear, and regardless of the mutual interests of the firm. He had been ignominiously defeated, however, when, after all his trouble, he had unwittingly left the baron to perish in the desert while he carried off a young woman who was not of the least importance to anybody; for Gaylure had learned from the American consul in Mecca the secret of the supposed Masudi's identity, he having regrets the iron imp

which resulted in Mr. Griffith Thetford's sudden resolve to join Mr. Gaylure and his family in a trip across the Atlantic, to seek in pastures new that honor and emolument which Mr. Gryppe's envy and insolence denied him in his native land.

A week afterward, the emigrants were steaming down the Thames, while Gryppe sat in his deserted office, wrinkling his cunning face in the sinister sneer of him who congratultes himsel' upon bring far too adroit a rogue to be cheated by another.

"Walked off with the supposed heir," muttered he, as he unfolded the carefully sealed coverings of a packet of documents, the private correspondence of himself and an eminent detective. who had been "working up' the Warren-Guilderland family connections for him during the past year. "Means to be the minor Providence to Thetford and reap the benefit among the Americans at his leisure. Doesn't know what I know about Master Griffit. Thetford. Doesn t know what I know about the existence of a Kercheval, Jonas, son of Margaret Clive and Paget Kercheval, Jonas, son of Margaret Clive and Paget Kercheval, related on the mother s side to the Warpen-Guilderlands. True, Thetford is one ahead of Kercheval, being the elder brother's line, but Gaylure, ha! ha! doesn't know all about Thetford, and he has retired with his prize—hal ha! ha! ha! Resolved to make him the baron, after possibly bestowing his eldest daughter, the delicious Adalgisa upon him in the holy bonds of matrimony. Ah, Gaylure! Gaylure!' and the grave man of affairs leaned back in his hard leather chair in's passion of suppressed triumph.

Meanwhile Mr. Gaylure was mentally arranging his ideas somewhat after this form, as he paced the cek of the outward bound steamer, under the eyes of the four beautiful women and the remarkable looking young sprig of nobility, who were his companyous date to make our fortunes out of this Warren-Guilderland affair. Our pretended quarrel has raised a safe screen between us and suspicion of acting in concert, and, while it throws dust in the eyes of

Crystal, the other daughter, was a very different being. She was diminutive in stature, insignificant in manner, colorless in ecomplexion, hair and eyes; her forehead was narrow, bony and steep, her hands mere anatomical specimens—a supremely undesirable young woman as far as outward attractions went—one in whom the very charm of youth seemed but an added flaw to displease the beholder; and yet this girl of twenty-one cherished the wild ambition of ecilipsing her sister with all her resplendent beauty; and, marvel of maryels, there were those this day alive who, scorched at first by the hard, bright beauty of Adalgisa, were gradually lured from her shrine by a spell, subtle and indescribable, which the cold, pale sea-beast eyes of Crystal had woven about them, and who her, and were consumed by her witch-lures in passion, mercilessly prolonged until she hand knowledgment of her superority in the one game which these two live to the cold pale sea-beast eyes of Crystal would refort; "be content with playing the beauty of our family, and let me play brains." And she would placidly arrange the exquisite ten-dollar bouquet which some recreast admirer of Adalgisas had sent her with a note overflowing with elegant love-masking which sounded to the dull-witted elder syren like the empty clash of cymbals, sharply stinging her vanity nevertheless, since they were addressed to this hideous, scorning nettle-tongued, female Mephistopheles of a younger sister, who seemed to understand everything under the sun in her supernatural intelligence.

The third of the graces was Cordelia Valrose, now known only as Cora Gaylure. We have seen this grand, pure, womanly countenance before, representing, as seen beside these other twe, the extreme opposites of woman's nature. So might one trompers of the monitic glacter peak.

The third of the graces was Cordelia Valrose, now known only as Cora Gaylure.

The third of the graces was Cordelia Valrose, now known only as Cora Gaylure.

The third of the graces was Cordelia Valrose, now known o

position.

After a few moments of utter, and as it would appear, of bitterly pained silence, the young man said:

"This must change sometime, I am so young;" and he cast a passionately supplicating glance up into the shining sky as it glowed in at the mouth of the sea-cave. "You have always said that as I grew older and stronger I should gradually shake it off."

the sea-cave. "You have always said that as I grew older and stronger I should gradually shake it off."

Kool merely bowed in impenetrable deference. "She is so sweet!—so sweet!—oh, heavens! could a more perfect creature have been created?' cried Griffith, his whole frame trembling and his countenance flashing and quivering with soul. "To be permitted merely to look upon her is sometimes more than my poor heart can bear. How can I prevent myself from falling on my knees and worshiping her?"

"Master Thefford," said the factotum, respectfully, "it is the tenth of September, half-past five A. M.," and he replaced his very fine yet exquisitely unpretentious watch in his spotless black broadcloth vest pocket as calmly as if the announcement meant nothing more than was visible on the face of it. But Griffith Thetford uttered a sharp, shocked cry, stood a moment gazing upon the hard blank features of his servant with that appealing look of his; then he threw himself upon the flinty floor of the cave in an abandon of dismay and groaned. Kool regarded his master with respectful noncomprehension. The day upon which Mr. Thetford had announced his intent of accompanying Mr. Gaylure and his family to the United States, this man had come from the mysterious shades of the young man's past, had simply said, "Where Master Thetford goes I must go," and had taken his place by his side, no more to be bullied, coaxed, threatened or bribed from his post by the ill-pleased lawyer, who would have infinitely preferred to have the excitable young man completely under his own influence.

Having thus defeated Mr Gaylure, Kool quietly tropped him out of his

the excitable young man completely under his own influence.

Having thus defeated Mr Gaylure, Kool quietly dropped him out of his consciousness, invariably ignoring his presence when he was doing his cleverest before Mr. Thetford, and only replying to his random remarks to himself with a stately bend of his head, his eyes being fixed upon vacancy.

After a lengthy silence, Griffith raised his face, now pale and haggard, and kneeling upright upon the brilliantly-colored pebbles which caught the level sun-rays like the gems in a magic cave, exclaimed faintly:—

"Where can I hide myself? Quick! Think of some place!"

the brilliantly:—

"Where can I hide myself? Quick! Think of some place!"

The servant allowed an imperceptible smile of contemptuous pity to steal over his cool visage, but next instant his features had regained their impenetrability as he replied:—

"You have twelve hours and thirty minutes yet before you; live through the day as usual, leave the rest to me; at the right time I shall open a door of retreat for you."

"What?" cried the young man, with a passionate sob of grief. "Am I to breathe the same aht with that angel girl, and to look into her eyes, and to receive all her kind, gentle words with an innocent face, I who know what I shall be at six o'clock this evening? Oh, God! what have I done to be so accursed?" and he sprung up and strode to the mouth of the cave to stretch his clasped ha ds wildly toward the heavens in vain appeal.

"The ladies are dressed, and are coming this way," said Kool at his side. In an instant all the angulsh and fear, all the bitter grief and supplication, vanished from the young man's southern countenance; an expression of rapture, radiant and innocent as any child's, irradiated his beautiful eyes, and his very soul leaped into his eager worshiping gaze. Kool glanced sarcastically at the transformation, and muttered in his teeth:

"Wiped off his mind already like a word off a slate. What a wise dispensation! He couldn't keep a secret for the life of him."

Meanwhile Griffith had left, the cave, and was running to meet the ladies with all the undisguised delight and ardor of a child; he carried his cap in his hand, and his beautiful forehead was bathed in the pure radiance of earliest day; his amber curls shone golden, and the depths of his brown eyes glowed with a strange red light.

His first appearance out of the cave was greeted with a sliver shout of welcome by the young ladies, that is, by the sisters, for Cordelia uttered nothing with her lip", although her eyes spoke with sudden eloquence, compassion and pain struggling for the mastery. In a few moments he was in the



stop by revealing her true reasons for acceding to his wishes.

"Well?" repeats Arch, in a hard voice.

Anne holds her breath; if these pulses would only stop thundering in her earry; if this? How well what he was about. A keap physic city that he was bount. A keap physic city of the property of the property of the property. The control of this with the was bount. A keap and the country of the country of the country of the property of the property. The country of the

CHAPTER XV

THE CAME OF BOUUS.

THE CAME OF BOUUS.

THE CAME OF BOUUS.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAME OF BOULS.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAME O

A FEW days after the arrival of the London party at the Caves, when they had had time to accommodate themselves to such slight variations in civilization as American manners and customs presented to their insular observation, and when the heminites had fully imbibed the conviction that this English group was worthy all the homage usually paid to weal h, wit and beauty; about four o'clock of the morning the "three graces," as Mr. Gaylure's lovely daughters were already entitled by universal suffrage, wended ther way to the sea-beach, to enjoy their morning bath.

The sun had not yet risen above the horizon, but across the gently undulating floor of waters a strange light was shooting flooding the pallid night sky and the pallid night ocean with broad shafts of prismatic colors, spreading from the as yet invisible focus in a fan shape, which obliterated the water-line and made of sky and ocean one perfect circle marvelously gorgeous elsewhere, a universal chaste white radiance bathed the noble expanse without revealing too distinctly the material outlines of the several objects which went to form the scene, a sort of liquid white cloud submerging all the grossly realistic with olympian rays; the caves which honey-combed the line of coast-cliffs presented their dark open mouths to this diffused aurora of dawn as if night had retired there to lurk behind those currugated natural bastions, until her reign was again come upon the earth.

As the three young girls walked up the white, glistening, reflecting sand, out of the ebbing sea, with the wast glory that was behind them outlining their forms in magic silhouette, and the deep, hushed, drowsy murmur of ocean drowning their soft voices, two men who had been sitting at the entrance of one of the caves, rose as with one accord, and retired into its depths.

These were Thetford and his servant Kool.

Adalgisa Gaylure was a woman of twenty-four; she possessed a strong, voluptuously full, yet lithe and stately person, a rich brown complexion, and splendid masses of ruddi

her generous heart in sisterly kindness toward him; and she thought him only a Foy, incapable of amorous passion.

Adaljas's splendid, long, sleepy orbs sometimes reseed upon the pair as they strolled hand in hand along the shore, or among te scented wildwood glades, and a curious lowering line would contract her graceful brows. Crystal's pale sea-hued eyes were also often turned in intent reverie upon them, while her ill-out lips compressed themselves into a searlot thread-line. But their father had said:

"It is requisite to my schemes that Cora marries Griffith, mind that, girls," and the dutiful pair had bowed their significant acquiescence, after which nothing remained for them save the post, alternately taken, of Gooseberry.

The party strolled together up the dewy, grassy footpath from the beach to the pleasure-grounds of the hotel, where they entered a prim, conventional asphalt foot-way, and mounted terrace by terrace between rich shade trees and shrubs, to the wide portico, where already most of the occupants of the "Alhambra" had congregated, breakfast cup in hand, with expert waiters darting in and out among careless groups, conveying the delicately lixurious viands after them.

As the charming party ascended the white marble steps, answering gayly the numerous greetings bestowed upon them, Cora and Griffith, who came lust, were stopped on the top step by Mr. Gaylure He appeared to be deeply concerned about something, and scarcely heeded the presence of Griffith in his eagerness to place a sealed letter in Cora's hand.

"A letter for you, Cora; who can your corre-

thing, and searcely heeded the presence of Grinton in his eagerness to place a scaled letter in Cora's hand.

"A latter for you, Cora; who can your correspondent be?" he exclaimed with undisguised ouriosity, while the lady gazed blankly at the address on the back of the envelope—"Miss Cora Gaylure, Scarravelt Caves."

Cora's first terrified thought was that her mother had traced her, a thought which set her loving heart bounding even while it blenched her cheek, and she instinctively caught Mr. Gaylure's arm to steady her suddenly weakened limbs, and, forgetting everything and everybody, hurried him into their own private parlor, which opened by French casements upon the portico. Here, they two standing alone, she tore the contents from the envelope, and unfolding a sheet of paper, very third-rate in quality, read the following:

"The Death Gulch, Shuyer-Lead, }
"Miss Cora Gaylure."

"Madam.—If you are the daughter of Madeline Fleming, who married Victor Valrose, twenty years ago, supposing her first husband, Jonas Kercheval, at six p. i., on the tenth of November; he will walk alone on the sea-beach opposito the cave known as the Crystal Frotto. For your innocent mother's sake, as well as for your own, meet me there. The hand of God has lain so heavy upon me because of my sin that I would fain make explainton before I die.

Cordelia scanned these startling words with a stalking heart, and instinctively crushing up the

die. JONAS KERCHEVAL."

Cordelia scanned these startling words with a sinking heart, and instinctively crushing up the tell-tale document in her hand—for as yet she had not whispered the names of her parents to her benefactor, to whom she gave the credit of dislaterested beneficience—she remarked with averted figure.

"This is a matter connected with my private history, in which you can give me neither assistance or comfort. Pardon my keeping it to myself dearest of friends; I shall bear it better by myself."

'I Do as you please, dear Cora, but always remember that you have me to fly for refuge to," was the appropriate answer uttered by her benefactor, as he delicately withdrew, leaving the unutterably shocked and bewildered daughter of such strangely severed parents to her own bitter reflections.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

of the twain

"Suspect!" Bless you, not" and the speaker burst into a laugh that made the valley ring. "He is blinded by passion, and walks unsuspectingly into the trap prepared for him at the castle. I saw the whip last night—"

"The whip?" echoed Garcia, turning pale.
"It will sting like the knout. I assure you that the nervous old count will lay it on right

royally."
"I would slay him if he struck me with it."
"Ay, so would I, Garcia; but Gomez, the fool, would not lift his hand against the father of the fair Isabel. He will quietly submit to the flagellation, and ride away disgraced."
"Disgraced? that is true! I never thought of that with this moment." that until this moment.

"He will fly the country, and fling his life away in battle with the Moors. His plume has floated over the lists for the last time; his esquire will never shout 'the Knight of the White Lil-

ies' any more."

Carcia did not speak. He hung his head as if

"Come! what is the matter?" cried Pedros, noticing his apparent dejection. "We are entering the capital, and should hold up our heads. In the first place, he was impudent to fall in love with the lady Isabel, my ladylove. Over our wine, Garcia, we will deal the cards, and

Thus addressed, the kni ht Garcia straightened his handsome figure in the saddle, and essayed a laughing rejoinder as he touched his steed with the gibled spurs, and galloped away in a cloud of dust. A few minutes later the two knights were seat

A rew minutes after the two kinglists were seat-ed at a table with bottles of wine before them. Their conversation grew boisterous as the wine disappeared, and the frequenters of the place thought them the merriest knights in Andalu-

redros drank like a man in the flush of tri-umph; his companion seemed seeking nepenthe in the sparkling liquor. Garcia evidently was remorseful.

They were becoming oblivious to the outside world while a startling scene was being enacted in one of the lofty chambers in Count Pastellar's Gomez, the young victim of an unknightly conspiracy, had reached the castle, and received a welcome at the hands of the woman whom he

adverd. Isabel seemed incapable of deceit, and the Spaniard never dreamed of treachery when he knelt at her feet and poured out his love in tender tones. Pedros had assured him that Isabel was waiting for his proposal, and that he had but to ask for the whitest hand in Spain. Pedros was a knight whom he trusted be had every was a knight whom he trusted, he had never found him deceitful, and thought that he had spoken good concerning him to Isabel.

The young knight was rudely disturbed in his lover-like attitude by the sudden entrance of

plained either by himself or his inseparable attendant, the marble-faced Kool—all contributed to bend her generous heart in sisterly kindness toward him; and she thought him only a for, incapable of amorous passion.

Adalysa's splendid, long, sleepy orbs sometimes resided upon the pair as they strolled hand in hand resided upon the pair as they strolled hand resid

gle and the whip was in his hands. Then it fell once upon the count's broad shoulders, when it was hurled across the room, and the young knight bounded to the door.

"There comes another day!" he said, glaring at his insulter. Then he turned on his heels and strode from the castle.

His ride from the scene of his disgrace was the most mournful one of his life. Whipped by the father of the prettiest girl in Spain, and beneath her castle roof, at that. He felt the insult keenly, and for a moment tears mingled with the blood that trickled from the cuts of the lash.

The affair would not be kept quiet. He knew Count Pastellar's disposition—knew that he would spread the knight's disgrace over the kingdom. That it would be flaunted in his face at every market place, upon every road. He did not stop to think whether Isabel had been a party to the wrong; he could not accuse her of such deception; and so, loving her still, he rode slowly on, with but one desire in his heart—revenge.

He saw the city but did not dash toward it, though he knew that Pedros and Garcia were there. He was ashamed to show his bleeding face to them. His disgrace might cost him his life at the hands of the populace.

Once he looked back and shook his clenched hands at the proud turrets of Pastellar Castle, then drove his spurs home and soon left castle and city far behind.

On, on as though the hounds of justice were baying at his heels, the boy knight rode. He dashed through hamlets with the speed of the wind, hiding his bleeding face with one arm, while the other held the reins. At last he halted before a poor hut at the foot of a mountain and shouted to its inmates.

He was answered by an old crone who made her appearance, to utter an exclamation of terror at sight of him.

"I need help!" he said, throwing himself from the saddle. "I want my wounds dressed, and if you ever tell that I halted here, there will be blood on my knightly blade."

He left his steed at the door, and entered the hovel as night swooped down and covered the mountain wit

"Who will be your queen of beauty this victorious day, good Pedros?"
"My lady Isabel."
"Ah! yes, I had forgotten when I might have known. He will not be here to bite his lips."
"No!" and Pedros laughed while his dark eyes sparkled with vengeful triumph. "Four months have passed since the count cut him handsomely with the whip. I knew his proud nature could not brook the insult. Down in some mountain gorge he has ended the life which he considered disgraced. It was a stroke of policy, Garcia, an admirable affair I might say, for the lady Isabel was beginning to think something of the boy."

lady Isabel was beginning to think something of the boy."

"How is she now?"

"True to me as the hawk to his master. I have her heart, and when I have crowned her queen of love and beauty to-day, the gracious king himself will publicly betroth us."

"Then you anticipate the crown?"

"It shall surely be mine!" was the assuring reply. "My lance owns no conqueror in all Hispania."

Stories of Chivalry.

Stories of Chivalry.

COUNT PASTELLAR'S DAUGHTER

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Over the hills toward the city of Madrid rode three handsome Spanish noblemen. Their litherown trappings were gorgoous from casque to spur.

As chivalry was at its hight in Spain the triesemend bound for some splendid fete or tournament at a rms.

"We part company here," said one, reining in his steed at a cross-road. "I see the turrets of Count Pastellar's castle. His alorable daughter is there. Centlemen, shall I bear your respects to the lovely Isabel?"

"Certainly, my good Gomez," was the reply. "Upon my life, you are a lucky fellow whoes star is always in the ascendant. I speak for Gardla here when I say give the fair Isabel the regards of two good Spanish knights whose swords will leap from their scabbards at her wish. Good-day, lucky Gomez! We shall be tormented by your good fortune."

Phmes were lifeted in adieus, and the wellow and the susual flourish of trumpets six and twenty knights rode from the tents.

Then the foregoing conversation took place in a rich tent just without the tilting ring. It was a gala day for the nobility of Spain, or the tours at the hills presence, and was, moreover, expected to level a lance himself. The tournament had been given in honor of a late victory, and the best lancer of the king dom had been drawn into the lists. Rumerous tents, decorated with courty insignia, formed a semi-circle opposite the gorgeous pavilion occupied by royalty, and the handsome lady-loves of the knights. Reflore and Garcia, whom we have met before, were in the former's tent. The lists were called at a signal from the king and dignified, and his daughter Isabel, a little pale and anxious, occupied a chair near by. The lists were called at a signal from the king, and with the usual flourish of trumpets six and twenty knights rode from the tents.

Then the foregoing conversation took place in a rich tent just without the tilting ring. It was a gala day for the nobility of Spain, from the hild star place in t

it parted and are parted his voice:
"My valiant master, Knight of the Black" My valiant lances with he of the Stainless crest, will level lances with he of the Stainless

This proclamation created intense excitement Pedros looked at the king, in whose eyes he de-ected a merry twinkle, and bowed as if he had liscovered a royal trick.

discovered a royal trick.

But the trumpets calmed the tumult, and the Knight of the Black Crest rode from his tent. He was greeted with deafening shouts by the populace, and the splendid crest of black feathers bowed low to royalty. His armor was black his mettled steed and long lance were of the

same somber hue.

If Pedros feared defeat he did not reveal it, for he lowered his casque upon his opponent's appearance, and a minute later the first shock appearance, and a minute inter the first snock took place. It was an admirable charge, and told that the antagonists were well matched. Withdrawing, the men rested a spell, and then charged upon each other with a zest that made the spectators hold their breath. The shock of

encounter was terrible.

Pedros' lance, good as it was, snapped against the black mail, while his enemy's point bore him back and unhorsed him—with signal defeat.

The fallen man essayed to rise; but being faint, he could not, and a stain of blood followed the futile effort. It was then discovered that his heavy breast-plate had been shattered by the invincible lance.

The Enight of the Black Craft was declared.

The Enight of the Block Clark was declared the victor, and amid the wild plaudits of the spectators, he stand a moment with the crown of victory in his Lands. He seemed to be seeking his lady-love among the excited ladies in the pa-

vilion.

At last his eyes flashed with eager joy, and, dismounting, he approached the throng of beauty. Not a word was spoken until he placed the crown upon the golden hair of Count Pastellar's daughter.

Then a tremendous shout rent the air.

"This is my queen of love and beauty!" he cried. "This day I have wiped out the foul insult that has made me an outcast. Our gracious majesty, the king, will tell you that I am a good knight. He will say that the beautiful woman whom I have crowned to-day shall become my bride."

come my bride."
"Long live the Knight of the Black Crest!
Let us see his face!"

SONG OF THE GRATEFUL.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

With wonder fraught,
I've often thought
Of nature s myslic ways:
So grand, sublime,
In every clime,
That came before my gaze.

My spirit leans
To all the scenes,
That filled me with delight.
To me in dreams
Their vision beams,
Though vanished from my sight.

In ecstasy,
Enthralling me,
Their charms my mind impress'd,
G d s wondrous ways
With meeded praise
I bad not well confess d.

Nor all the good
That twixt me stood,
Through His unending love;
Faith to impart
late each heart,
Descending from above.

My teing fills With loving thrills When gratitude I give, For every gift That me doth lift, And better I may live.

My inner sight
Drinks in the light,
Where all was dark before;
And perfect joy
Without alloy,
Is mine forevermore!

SURE-SHOT SETH,

The Boy Rifleman:

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH. BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

ITRULY INFERNAL.

IT was on the night following the events just narrated that we left the Boy Brigade on the shores of Lake Luster, then bathed in the mellow radiance of a full moon.

An exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped each lip as they gazed out over the little sheet and its dark-green border of forest trees.

But few of the little party had ever looked upon Lake Luster under similar circumstances. It was a place seldom frequented by hunter or trapper. The deep shadows seemed to have expelled all animal life from within its borders, and it was only by accident that one happened that way.

"By mighty!" exclaimed old Lowful Lim ("MY God!" was the exclamation of Harris, at sight of the human limb that had been torn from the body by the terrible explosion and thrown on the beach.

"Ay!" exclaimed Joyful Jim; "I told you it was one of the devil's own contraptions. I tell ye, boys, his Satanic majesty is aboard that boat, or else my head's not hot."

"It must have been a torpedo that burst under the boat," Sure Shot Seth remarked.

"Without a doubt," said Harris, "and the light we saw floating out from that boat was, without a doubt, attached to the deadly machine.

"But from whence did it derive its power of propulsion?"

and it was only by accident that one happened that way.

"By mighty!" exclaimed old Joyful Jim, "if that ar'n't the most rumantic scene I ever clapped my optics on. Why, she burns like a jewel on the black hand of a migger gal. Lake Luster, did, you say, Seth?"

"Yes; the water is almost transparent. In many places you can see the bottom and the fish sporting about; but this is nothing more than may be said of nearly all of Minnesota's thousand and one lakelets. Indian tradition has peopled Lake Luster with spirits of the departed, therefore it has been seldom visited by the living."

ing."
"That's good; and I hope they'll continue to observe this absence from the spirit lake while we're here," said Jim. "I've had enuff of hornits' javelins and Ingins' bullets to last me till next harvest."
"Wherever our trail leads, they'll be sure to follow, mind what I tell you," said Sure Shot Soth.

for lance as the horses came together in the tarrible charge. Loris and ladies rapturously applauded the successful, and the welfar rung with trumpted base the successful, and the welfar rung with trumpted base to complete the successful, and the welfar rung with trumpted base to the plautitis of the spectators as his easily one of the liste, challenges any lance in the kingdom to combat.

Stable 1 in the successful and lance crossed the successful and the welfar rung with trumpted base to the plautitis of the spectators as his esquire on the reaches to the plautitis of the spectators as his esquire in the successful and the successful and the welfar rung with trumpted and base to the plautities of the spectators as his esquire in the successful and the successful and the welfar rung with trumpted and base to the plautities of the spectators as his esquire in the successful and the welfar rung with trumpted and plauming. Yes; in Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Stripe and plauming. Yes; in Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief, Ivan Le Clercq! Sumprincipled and band he had been a successful and the successful; and an enderty every vestified the weapon at his board.

The per relative many of the lists, which of the sum of the lists, challenges any lance in the kingdom to combat.

The boastful language ceased, and the language ceased, and an equerry, clad in black armor, "Hardward and an equerry, clad in black armor, "Gly of the lists, challenges any lance in the language ceased, and the language ceased, and the language ceased, and the language ceased, and the l

an my neart for her kindness. Wash't she superb, though?"

"You don't think she was a celestial being, do you?" asked Seth, half smiling.

"Think it?—heavens! I know it. Nothing mortal that wears hair would 'a' dared to come onto that rock between the muzzles of two-score of doubly rifles."

"She was an entire stranger to me, Jim; but I know she is mortal; and, furthermore, I am inclined to think she is a personage known to and wielding great power over the red-skins. But, boys, we must find Miss Harris, if living,

so let us move on, and-At this juncture, Hooseah, the Indian lad, ho had been absent from the main party, remnoitering, came running up in great excitement, and said:

'Bad Ingins—lots—on ahead!"
'Indeed!" exclaimed Seth; "are they watch

"No-watchin' big wigwam on the lake—see him float out from skadows."

He pointed out over the lake, and all eyes turning in the direction indicated, beheld a long, triangular structure floating out from the border of shadows that lined the southern shore, into the proposition

It's a tent!" exclaimed Mr. Harris.
'It looks like a tent; but it surely isn't one,"
swered Seth. "It appears to glimmer like a

Dogged if it isn't a little queer," said one of It puzzles me, I assure you," remarked an-

"It is moving quite fast, and yet I cannot see from whence it receives its motive power," said

The craft continued on into the open lake until it had gained the center, when it came to stand. Then our friends saw a door open on th stand. Then our friends aw a door open on the sloping side and a man appear from the interior. He stood in front of the door and gazed around him. The Brigade could see the outlines of a tall person with long beard and hair. In his hand he held a stan with a trident-speer on the

end of it.

From the darkness along the shore a tongue of fire suddenly shot out, and the report of a rife started the midnight echoes for miles.

"Och! and the bloody Ingins are firing on the

stranger," said Teddy.
"Yes; and by that," answered Seth, "we are
to understand that the stranger is an enemy of the red-skins, whatever he may oe to us."

With an imperious wave of the hand, the old man on the raft turned and entered his boat; spoken good concerning him to Isabel.

The young knight was rudely disturbed in his lover-like attitude by the sudden entrance of Count Pastellar into the room.

"To your apartment!" he exclaimed to his daughter, who blushed deeply at his appearance.
"The time for you to listen to the love tale of a boy has not arrived."

Isabel, frightened at her father's rage, darted from the scene, and the hast her had a boy has not arrived."

Shortly after the flagellation she had informing blushed her love to the lash fell across the young knight's face, an insulting accompaning him to Isabel.

In response to the shouts the victor took off his casque, and faced the assembliage.

It was Gomez, whom we last saw smarting under the stings of the count's whip.

With an imperious wave of the hand, the old man on the raft turned and entered his boat; but soon he appeared again, bearing something in his arms. Carefully he scanned the surrounding shores, but seeing no one, he sat down and gazed calmly around him.

Our friends stood still on the shore watching his movements, and puzzling their brains as to who he was.

Shortly after the flagellation she had informed her love to the conspiracy. It reached the king's ears, and royalty at once entered upon a plot to punish the guilty.

Pedros and the half-repentant Garcia were savages, and brightly flashed their paddles as they rose and fell in the water.

The man now rose to his feet, and in deep, thunderous tones warned the red-skins back. But they either did not understand him, or else heeded not his warning. Seeing this, the old fellow got down upon his knees and placed the article that he had brought out with him in the water. Our friends could see that it emitted a very faint glow not much larger than the corruscation of a firefly. No sooner was it placed in the water than it began to move—glide smoothly along the surface of the lake directly toward the red-skins.

very small that no harm could possibly come of it; or, at least, this was the conviction that it forced upon our friends, as well as the red-skins. A slight commotion agitated the savages as it neared them, and our friends saw the foremost warrior dip his paddle and turn the prow of the boat southward. But for this act, the floating light would have passed them slightly to the right; but the prow of the boat being thrown across its path, it came in contact with the craft, when, horrors! a sheet of flame burst from the bosom of the lake under the boat, and a roar like the sudden burst of a volcano shook the night. High up in air flew water and fragments of the canoe and the riven forms of its human freight—so high that when the debris came down again an arm and torn hand fell on the shore before their horrified gaze.

fore their horrified gaze.

CHAPTER XXII.

propulsion?"
"That I cannot answer; but, I dare say, it is some ingenious mechanical contrivance of the inmate of that boat, whoever he may be," an-

inmate of that boat, whoever he may be," answered Seth.

"But who is the inmate of that craft?"

"That's the question," said Seth; "but an idea is creeping into my head, and I'll wager anything that the angel that came, and sung, and played between the muzzles of your and the savages' guns last night belongs in that little craft."

craft."
"Who? Vishnia of the Valley

"Yes; she's probably some wild, crazy girl, and the act that saved you on the Rock Island was but a freak of her diseased mind. No sane girl would dare wander alone, of her own free will, through those woods at night, much less perform such a reckless act as to come between the guns of two deadly foes as a peacemaker."

"That's mighty sound doctrine, Sure Pop." said old Jim. thoughtfully, "and I'll go a coonskin that, if she's aboard that craft, crazy as a loon, her father's thar also, crazier'n a March hare."

ng the tragedy, the sound of footsteps was neard approaching. This enjoined silence upon them; but the footsteps turned and retreated. That they were made by savage feet the Brigade had not a doubt, and that they had been die

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when the ush of a hundred feet was heard along the hore. A horde of savages were stealing upon

"Whirr-rr-rr-rr-rr-r," suddenly rose from the pidst of the Brigade, like the "whirr" of a

Instantly, almost, the whole of the little band scattered in every direction like a flock of sheep. The savages uttered a yell, and sent a volley into the darkness after them, but not a bullet

The footsteps of the Brigade fleeing in every direction confused the red-skins, so that pursuit was baffed for some time. This gave our friends an opportunity to make good their escape. It was a part of their tactics under such circumstance. The "whirr" issued by Sure Shot. tances. The 'whirr" issued by Sure Shot beth's lips was well understood; it was a signal

o disperse.

Away through the darkness of the grim Black Woods the Brigade fled. Seth took Mr. Harris with him, while Joyful Jim and Tom Grayson, who had been admitted to membership in the

who had been admitted to membership in the band, sought safety as did the rest.

In ten minutes' time a deep and profound silence reigned over the forest and lake. The redskins made no attempt to follow the boys far. They knew the danger of scattering in pursuit.

Out in the wood, under the deep shadows of a great tree, Sure Shot Seth and Maggie's father came to a halt, and listened.

"We have escaped," said the latter, "but who

to be taken for granted that danger lurks near the ones not answering."

"But, suppose one of your band should be

killed?"
"We have made no provision for such a mis-

"We have made no provision for such a mishap, for we don't intend to get killed."
"The Boy Brigade is asplendid organization," said Harris, "and if it can find my child, I will be under eternal obligations to it."
"We will leave nothing undone to find her, Mr. Harris. She may have fallen into the redskins' power, or she may have grown tired waiting my return, and ifed. We have only to be patient and constant in our search."

fhe father sighed heavily.
Half an hour went by in silence.
Not one word nor sound of the others had been heard.
Presently Seth rose to his feet and sald:
"I shall now ascertain where the rest of the boys are."
He uttered a clear, startling whistle, not unlike that of a night-bird peculiar to the northern woods. The sound drifted away through the night and died in the distance.
The hoot of an owl came back in response.

cation of a firefly. No sooner was it placed in the water than it began to move—glide smoothly along the surface of the lake directly toward the red-skins.

"What now, in the name of Sodom, does that mean?" exclaimed old Joyful Jim. "See it, boys?—a little speck of fire creeping along to'rds that Ingin boat?"

All answered in the affirmative.

"What do you opine it are?" he questioned. None could tell. All vere equally puzzled. "Shouldn't wonder if it wer'n't some of the devil's own contraptions," said Jim, knowingly. All relapsed into silence and watched with bated breath and fixed eye the moving speck of fire. The Indians, too, had discovered its approach, and sat helding their paddles in motionless hands, regarding the tiny object with silent attention.

Meanwhile, the old man on the boat shood with folded arms gazing after the moving speck, while a silence as deep and profound as creation's morn hung over all. It was a foreboding stillness.

Straight toward the red-skins' boat, which had not deviated a foot from its course toward the unknown raft, the floating spark made is way. The Indians were deeply puzzled by it, and although their minds were not unmixed with superstition regarding Lale Luxter, they affected no fear of the approaching object. It was so very small that no harm could possibly come of it; or, at least, this was the conviction that it forced upon our friends, as well as the red-skins. A slight commotion agitated the savages as it neared them, and our friends saw the foremost warrior dip his paddle and turn the prow of the boat southward. But for this act, the floating light would have passed them slightly to the right; but the prow of the boat being thrown

companions.

Their persistent efforts to capture the raft were, as our friends well knew, led by the Boy Chief; and the trained mind of Sure Shot Seth quickly concluded that, in this movement of the enemy, there was something or some one aboard that raft which they desired to possess or slay. Might it not be Maggie Harris? Might she not have wandered from where he had left her to the lake, and been taken aboard the madman's raft?

The stunning report of a rifle, coming from the direction of the lake, put an end to his cogi-

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GAME WELL PLAYED.

SURE SHOT SETH made know his convictions, and, at his suggestion, the party returned to the lake.

lake.

The shadows, by this time, were lengthening on the western side of the little sheet; but they had not reached the raft, which still sat motionless on the water, and to all appearance tenant-

less on the water, and to all appearance tenantless.

Hooseah, the Indian lad, was at once sent out
to reconnoiter the western shore, while fieth
went himself to scout along the eastern side of
the lake. It was their desire to know what the
Indians were about, and their exact location, as
well as their numerical strength.

Seth kept back about two rods from the margin of the lake and moved rapidly, yet noiselessly as a phantom. He had gained the northern
end of the lake without hearing or seeing anything of the redskins; but, as he rounded the
shore toward the west, he heard a sound that
told of the close proximity of enemies. He
paused and listened, then with every faculty on
the alert, he crept on closer and closer to the fee,
stopping every now and then to listen. He at
length found himself at the water's very edge
in a clump of bushes, whose drooping foliage
trailed itself in the water. Before him was a
narrow opening or path, beyond which was another border of dense shrubbery. He was just
about to step across this path when he heard
light footsteps coming along toward the lake.
Remaining quiet, he awaited the approach. A
young chief, dressed in all the gaudy panoply of
war, brushed past him and stopped on the margin of the lake.

It—was Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief, Ivan Le

painted face.

The next moment a succession of tiny waves began chafing the shore at their feet and the dip of a paddle became audible. The chief and his companion stepped back into the shadows. This movement left Seth under less restraint.

(A) the supping covardly wretches." "Ah! the cunning, cowardly wretches," thought Seth, drawing his revolver, "they are

reparing to pounce upon some unsuspecting ictim. But I'll see about it." ictim. But I'll see about it.

The next moment a small cance with a single ccupant touched the bank where the path endd; and that occupant was a female—a young nd lovely girl—the fairy-like Vishnia, the maid f the Valley.

As she rose to her feet the chief advanced and enfronted her. She started with a little cry of

infronted her. She started with a little cry of arm, but soon recovered her composure and dressed the Indian. "Whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"
'Hawk-Eyes, the Boy Chief," answered the

ung renegade. "Does he lead the Indians that surround Lake ister?"
"He does," was the answer.
"Then with him I came to negotiate terms of

peace."
She stood erect in her rubber cance as she spoke. The tones of her voice were soft and child-like in their melody. Through the foliage that concealed his person, Sure Shot Seth could band, sought safety as did the rest.

In tem minutes' time a deep and profound silence reigned over the forest and lake. The redskins made no attempt to follow the boys far. They knew the danger of scattering in pursuit.
Out in the wood, under the deep shadows of a great tree, Sure Shot Seth and Maggie's father came to a halt, and listened.

"We have escaped," said the latter; "but who knows the fate of the others?"

"Rest assured they are safe," was Seth's confident reply.

"But they are all scattered like a covey of quails. I daresay we are the only two that stuck together."

"That's the idea, exactly. We take the quail for our example. A peculiar 'whirr' of the leader's wings disperses them, and, rest assured, each quail will remain concealed until the leader calls, when it will come out and answer, I fall, as applied to the Boy Brigade, do not answer, I repeat the call; and if some are still silent, it is to be taken for granted that danger lurks near

tesy.

"To effect terms of peace."

"How? by blowing my braves into eternity?"

"No;" replied the maiden, "we do not wish to do violence; but your warriors would not heed the counsel of my father. But a repetition of the horrible deed can be prevented by a proper understanding. My father takes no part in this war. He is neutral and desires to remain so; and had it been a party of whites instead of Indians going to attack him, he woul! have blown them out of the water all the same."

"What is your father?—what's he doing on

"What is your father -what's he doing on the lake in that craft?" questioned Hawk-Eves.

en's response.

"We fear nothing, nor any one," was the brutal reply of the Boy Chief. "The woods and
the lakes belong to the red-man, and it is not for
the whites to make conditions regarding them."

"I know the Indians are not cowards, and I
do not wish to intimidate them. I only ask
what is honorable."

"What is your father's name."

"What is your father's name?"
"Neptune," she answered; but Le Clercq's ignorance of mythology concealed the evasion in

eptune," he repeated; well, I will accede to your demands of one condition.'
"I will be pleased to hear what your wish

may be."
"Well, there's a young girl aboard your boat,

isn't there?"
Vishnia started, and hesitated for a moment to reply; but finally she said.
"I have no desire to answer falsely: there is a young girl there—Miss Harris."
Seth's heart gave a great bound. He was afraid that it would betray his presence. Maggio was safe, and that was joy to him. He felt so thankful that he could have kissed the garments of her who brought the glad intelligence.

ments of her who brought the glad intelligence. But his feelings assumed a different mood when he heard the youn; chief say.

"Deliver that maiden into my power and you and yours shall be molested no more by the In-

But that would be against her will," said I dare say it would; but no difference about that

"I would not consent to do a wrong, for if you would hold her a captive against her will, it would be cruel and barbarous," said the maiden.
"The Indians are classed as barbarians," Le
Clerc 1 replied; "so it wouldn't make any material difference."

"Father will never consent to give her up to

her enemies."
"But I will make him give her up."
"Do not overestimate your power, young I'll see to that. I'll just hold you in hostage

"I'll set to take. I'll jass that the till that girl is given up."
Vishnia started, and her face grew pale with fear. This was something she had not expected, and she saw little chance of escape from her sit-

"I have always heard that the Indians were possessel of gallantry, and under such circumstances would treat a woman kindly," said Vishnia; "but had I known otherwise, I would never

mia; "but ha l I known otherwise, I would never have place I myself at your mercy."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but the exigency of this case demands that I hold you a prisoner till Maggie Harris is given up. Black Dog"—turning to the Indian—"you will take the place agir to our camp."

Half reluctantly, the Indian advanced toward the mailen, who, seating herself, attempted to flee. But the Indian was too quick for her. He caught her cance and dragged it half upon the shore; but, before he had time to contaminate her by his touch, Sure Shot Seth saw the bushes on the opposite side of the path move, and the next instant a tomahawk, wielded by some unseen person there, fell upon the head of the savage. Like a log he went down lifeless, falling partly in the water. Hawk-Eyes started back, age. Liks a log he went down lifeless, falling partly in the water. Hawk-Eyes started back, aghast with fear and horror. He heard the click of a revolver on his left, and the next moment the weapon itself was thrust through the foliage into his very face. But not a word was spoken—not a face was visible to the half-terrified young chief. Hoffixed his glaring eyes upon the weapon, and ran them along the arm thrust from the bushes; but he could not tell by whom he was confronted. That it was an enemy with a cool head and steady nerve, however, he had not a doubt. Had he known that he stood at the muzzle of Sure Shot Seth's revolver, his terror would have been still greater; but Seth did not want him to know it, and so kept still and hidden in the bushes.

For fully a minute the young chief stood wincing before the weapon thrust at him like the figer of death; but, seeing the unknown enemy hesitated to fire, he gathered courage, struck

only historical to the, highest effectingly, and the muzzle of the weapon, then turned and darted into the darkness.

Then Seth parted the bushes and stepped out into the moonlight on one side of the path, and Hooseah, the Indian lad, appeared from the "Me kill Sioux brave; why Sure Shot no kill Hawk-Eyes?" asked the young friendly, a look of sore regret on his face.

of sore regret on his face.

"I would not fire through fear of bringing danger upon her," replied Seth, pointing toward the little canoe leaping across the water under the vigorous strokes of the fair Vishnia's paddle.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

THE ANSWER.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

There! I see the postman coming, And I soon will hear him drumming window-pane, to tell me that a letter's On the

And I wonder what is in it!
Though I'll know well, in a minute,
If it is the one expected from the rover o'er the se

Yes, I know it will bring tidings
Of the fruit of my fond ch dings.
That the one to whom my heart is gone should stay
so long away;
And I'm sure twill be o'erflowing
With the love I know is glowing
In the bosom of the writer, who my summons will obey.

For I wrote him I was lonely; I was thinking of him only, couldn't wait to see him till the day he said

he'd come;
And I told him then to hurry;
My heart would be in a flurry
Till I met him at the gate again, to bid him
come home!"

There, I knew it! 'I's his writing!
And he says he will delight in
Coming quick to see his darling, whom he never
once forgot;
And he asks that when he's coming,
I should meet him in the gloaming
And then alone he d tell me of—well, I'd rather not

The Hunted Bride:

WEDDED, BUT NOT WON BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII. IN THE SNARE AGAIN.

Dressed in her wedding robes, Margaret stood at the window of her room, listening for the approach of the train which was bringing the bridegroom, and numerous of his friends. The sun had set, but it was not yet dark, the rosy splendor of the west meeting and mingling with the pearly luster of a full moon just rising in the east. The house was full of gay sounds, music langhter, singing, jesting; ladies were wilking on the porticos and standing in groups on the lawn; the halls resounded with mirthful voices and light footsteps; the air, within and without, was absolutely burdened with the perfume of uncounted flowers.

Herough the arched windows. Margaret went in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, her cousin being the person to give her away. Her heart was too full of the solemn rapture, the intense emotions of the hour, to allow her space for much reflection, contrasting this with another occasion when she had gone to a church with the man who now sat opposite to her by the wife of his choice.

The little edifice was so crowded that it was with difficulty a path could be cleared to the altar; the bridal procession, obliged to move slowly, was sustained by the organ's anthem; the spectators rejoiced in the slight delay, which gave them prolonged opportunities for noting

The larger number of the lady guests had arrived by the earlier train, and having refreshed themselves and their toilets, were now enjoying the beautiful house, decorated with exquisite taste for the occasion, and the delightful grounds. These guests, of course, were the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, and many of them of Mr. Kellogg—the bride-elect having, as we know, been so circumstanced through her young life as to have few friends of her own. One good friend so the so the think and to through her young he as to have few friends of her own. One good friend she had, though, who had not failed her, but was there, in the full glory of a new brown silk and white shawl; but Mrs. Sally had not brought Mr. Griggs, for whom she had looked up to the last hour, yet been obliged to go without him after all.

after all.

Margaret, strange as had been many of the influences of her life—little as she had mingled with what is called society, and stranger as she was to almost every face she could see that night, felt no timidity at the ordeal before her. Instead, the hour to her was felt as one of triumph. She was so proud of her lover that she was proud of herself as his choice; and to do honor to him, and to herself for his sake, she had resolved that all should be layigh tasteful heft. resolved that all should be lavish, tasteful, befit-

resolved that all should be lavish, tasteful, befitting a queen of society.

The bunquet was ordered from the city; flowers filled the house, and the little village church, within which the ceremony was to be performed—for Margaret was of too immediate English descent to be married anywhere but in church, by the Church-of-England service. A band of musicians, also from the city, were already tuning their instruments inside an open summerhouse on the lawn, preparing to greet the bridegroom with the triumphal strains of the wedding march, as he came up from the station to ding march, as he came up from the station to

the Villa.

The last touch had been given to the bride's toilet, and Mrs. Maxwell, having been in to criticise and approve, had kissed her, vowing she was too beautiful for any mortal man, and had borns off Tina, to assist some of her guests, leaving-Margaret alone for a few moments of quiet. Exciting as had been the day, she was conscious of no fatigue, and instead of reposing in the little blue satin chair where Mrs. Maxwell had carefully placed her, so as not to disarrange her. carefully placed her, so as not to disarrange her vail and robe, she was drawn to the window to look out at the lovely sunset, and to listen for the

vail and robe, she was drawn to the window to look out at the lovely sunset, and to listen for the first signal of the now-expected train.

As she stoo? thus, unconscious that any one beheld her, and so not seeking to hide her soul, any one might read the story of her adoration of that man for whom she waited—read it in the kindling eye, the flushed cheek, the heaving breast, and the rapturous glow of every feature. As she stool there, her head slightly inclined to listen, her eyes fixed on the rosy western sky, she was not at all aware of a pair of eyes, as bright as her own, but bright with far different and more dangerous light, which watched her from one of the two su nmer-houses on the lawn. Strange how blindly we may stand on the verge of fate without a single thrill of premonition to warn us of the abyse before us!

As the bride stool there in the wide-open window, listening and waiting, the whistle blew; and one would have thought it had frightened her, so pale did she instantly become—white as the robe and vail and wreath—had she not, the next mo nent, regained a color like that of the loveliest rose, blushing to herself at her own emotions. At that instant one of those sudden transformations occurred, so common during summer sunsets. The west, which had grown almost dark, flushed suddenly a deep scarlet; tho very air was imbuel with the reflection, so that, we she stool there, the bride appeared, as if by marts, to be clothed in red-blood garments. The snowy vail, the glistening white silk dress, even the wearer, had grown blood-red. The black eyes watched her from their retreat, marked the change, and laughed the silent, terrible laughter of wicked eyes.

This, too, was but momentary, and then the

change, and laughed the silent, torrible laughter of wicked eyes.

This, too, was but momentary, and then the beautiful bride grew fairer than ever in the silver tide of the increasing moonlight; a rich swell of music beat up from the lawn, filling the air, which had already seemed so full of perfume as to leave no space for music, with the delicious rhythm of the wedding-march, and Margaret, pressing her hand to her heart, and shrinking into the shadow of the curtain, saw him approaching, joyful and eager-looking, moving amid a troups of friends.

In a few moments she stole down to the library to exchange a few words with him—the

brary to exchange a few words with him—the last before she would take her place by his side

in church.

"My Margaret," he breathed, in a whisper, as the enchanting vision appeared before him, and in the two words she felt his admiration and his love.

"I will not call you that again to night." love. "I will not call you that again to-night," he said, as he took her hand, and stood looking he said, as he took her hand, and slood folking at her as if his thirsty gaze could not be satis-fied; "you are Juliet—my Juliet. It was as Juliet I began, in one short evening, to love you. Oh, would poor Romeo's fate ha I been as happy as my own! What have I done to deserve such as my own! What have I done to deserve such a treasure? Juliet, you are exquisite! you are absolute perfection! I did not know you could be so much more than beautiful. What is the charm? let me try to find it. Is it in those eyes, in those lips, in that smile, or blush? Oh, fiel—it is in all—indescribable?"

"It is all supposed up in one word, master."

"It is all—indescribable?"

"It is all summed up in one word, master," she said, with a divine glance, so fond, yet so reluctant—"I love you. My face speaks love, and that makes it seem fair to you."

"How singular that we should have met as we did," he continued, still gazing at her, bit a shadow passed over his countanance. "Two made for each other as we are, tastes, talents, hearts in unison, coming together by such slight chance, under such painful circumstances—I cannot account for it. But I love you—you are mine, by right divine"—fercely, speaking fast, as if to some imaginary enemy who was about to snatch her from him—"I will fight for you, die for you."

for you."
"Why, Kemble, what is it?" she asked, half

"Why, Kemble, what is it?" she asked, half alarmed; for he spoke with an excitement quite different from the soft joy with which at first he had regarded her.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he answered, dropping her hand and beginning to walk up and down the floor, while she stood silent until he flung himself upon a sofa, sighing wearily.

"Kemble, you are fatigued to death. I might know you would be, you have been so hurried lately. Have you had any supper?"

"No, darling; but I am to have a cup of tea directly. After that, Richard's himself again. Why, do I frighten you, Juliet? I had an ugly thought—that was all. It crosses my mind at the most unexpected times. It is the only shadow on the sunshine of my too bright prospects."

pects."
"Tell it to me; that will exorcise it," she said, sinking to a footstool before kim, and looking

up at him, with expectant eyes.

"Nay, least of all to you. I tell you it is gone—perhaps forever. It will not come back when you are actually mine. See! look in my eyes?—don't they show that I am a thousand times happier than I deserve to be?" smiling and looking indeed exultant—"but there is the signal that my cup of tea is waiting—and the sooner we part now, the sooner we shall meet to part no more, Juliet, sweet darling—wife."

Blushing at the word, with his kiss on her hand, she stole back to her chamber to await the

summons, which came within an hour, calling her down to set out for the church. A long train her down to set out for the church. A long train of carriages waited to take up the company, the full moon lighted the bridal cortege, and the lights of the church glimmered, in the distance, through the arched windows. Margaret went in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, her cousin being the person to give her away. Her heart was too full of the solumn rapture, the intense emotions of the hour, to allow her space for much reflection, contrasting this with another occasion when she had gone to a church with the man who now sat opposite to her by the wife of his choice.

being a stranger, received an unusual share of attention.

The music died slowly out, the buzz of whispering spectators subsided into silence as the clergyman advanced, and the ceremony began. When he came to the words—"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace"—there was a movement in one of the square pews facing the altar on the south side of the church. Some one sitting there in the shadow of a pillar, stood up; Margaret was conscious of a slight sensation in the assembly, but her thoughts were too intent on the solemn service to allow her eyes to wander. In the brief pause left by the clergyman, more from custom than because it was ever expected any response would be made, something fell upon the consciousness of the people present, as the shadow of a cloud falls on a landscape. They saw the person arise, and felt a sympathetic chill; but there was no time to shape an idea before a soft, clear, peculiar voice—a sweet voice, for a man's, and yet with something stinging and cruel in it, said—"I know a gool and sufficient reason. The lady before the altar is my wife."

His voice! Margaret turned a startled and

goo't and summent reason. The lady before the altar is my wife."

His voice! Margaret turned a startled and shrinking glance that way, as if she expected to behold a spirit arisen from its grave. He stood there, half-smiling, calm, as ever, looking at her with the old gaze of passion and triumph!—no uneasy ghost, come back from death itself to assert its power over her, but Senor Martinique, in the body, standing there, calling her his wife before all that assembly, and the man she loved silent by her side!

lent by her side!

"Is this the truth?" asked the clergyman of her, while, as yet, the crowd had not stirred, but seeme I holding its breath.

Her eyes, dull now and glazed, wandered from the speaker to the senor's, and back again; the earth seemed heaving under her feet, a leaden weight pressed the breath from her lungs; mechanically, in a heavy cold tone she are word.

chanically, in a heavy, cold tone she answered:

"It is; but I thought him dead. He was drowned before my eyes." When attempting to turn toward Kellogs she groped blindly with her hands, and would have fallen, but the strong arm of her lover closed about her waist, an I she only felt that the rested upon him and all elsa only felt that she rested upon him, and all else only felt that she resect upon him, and an else was a blank to her.

"For God's sake, Kellogg, let me carry her out, and let all explanations be made more privately. The whole house is agape," whispered

vately. The whole house is agape," whispered Branthope.

A universal sigh was breathed by the spectators, when Margaret sunk insensible; they began to stir now, and a small tumult broke out, where, for a moment, the pause of surprise and

where, for a moment, the pause of surprise and curiosity had reigned.

"I want no private explanatious," burst forth Mr. Kellogg, in a voice of thunder. "You are not dealing with a timid and ignorant girl now, Mr. Maxwell, but with me. The case is mine!" "For Heaven'ssake, compose yourself, "pleaded Branthope, a sickening dread of exposure causing him to turn very pale. "This is no place for such a scene. My wife is here—our friends—relatives—"

"All the better for my purpose. You, and Senor Martinique yonder, must know that I am a man no one dares to trifle with. What! keep my peace, and this woman whom I love lying here, half killed by your cowardly persecutions! The spirits of the dead about us would rise up to represent me for such weakness. Do not so The spirits of the dead about us would rise up to reproach me for such weakness. Do not go, good people. Sit you still in your seats, and you shall hear a story which will make you wiser, as regards the capability of meanness to be found in the hearts of respectable men—honored members of society, church-goers, and tithe-payers. I'll tell you all about this marriage between Margaret Maxwell (a girl of seventeen at the time it took place) and John Lopez Martinique. I will show you the part her cousin and natural protector, Branthope Maxwell, took in it. I will bring before you a vivid picture of what one man will do to gratify a selfish desire, which he dignifies by the name of love; and what another will do to secure a fortune, without the exertion of earning it. Married any, but no law in the land would hold it valid one moment; a fiendish piece of heartless fraud, from which my poor darling here could at once have freed herself, had she not been a child in all the ways of the world—brought up in a seclusion which made her the helpless victim of their plotting."

their plotting."

He said the words "my poor darling here," with an accent of such infinite tenderness, glancing down at the white face resting on his shoulder, that half the women in the house burst into tears, they knew not why, but hushed themselves again, for fear of losing one word of what he was saying. It is not to be supposed that if Kemble Kellogg could move a critical audience to tears and sobs in a cause which he made his own, only through the power of an actor's sympathy with the character he assumes, he would fail to produce the effect he desired upon the spellbound people who heard him now—simple countryfolk, some of them, and many of them his own warm personal friends from the city, with the relatives and friends of Mrs. Maxwell, who sat, with her hands clasped, leaning forward and listening. der, that half the women in the house burst into

who sat, with her hands clasped, learning forward and listening.

From the beginning, he told Margaret's story—in words as few as possible, but burning and seathing with contempt when they touched upon Branthope or the senor. He painted her plunge into the river to escape from her relentless abductor; her heroism in resisting the allurements of his great weelth, when he heart could not go ductor; her heroism in resisting the antirements of his great wealth, when her heart could not go with her hand; her life in the city as seamstress and flower-maker, while her cousin was enjoying himself upon her money; her final escape on the steamer, where he (Kellogg) had seen and loved her; the senor's appearance there, dogging her to a strange country, in the hope of yet se-curing her; the fire on the ship, the supposed death of the senor—Margaret's magnanimity in never having publicly betrayed her cousin, in-stead, allowing him to retain the most of the property for which he had been guilty of so

stead, allowing him to retain the most of the property for which he had been guilty of so much meanness.

"You all know," he concluded, "that there is not a court in the land that would not free her from this persecution as soon as the papers could be made out. It was only her inexperience which kept her so long in bondage. After I told her that she could procure a legal release, she resolved to do so: but after the death, as we thought, of Senor Martinique, there was no occasion for such a proceeding. Some men, we know, are not born to be drowned; it now appears that he is one of them. I thank him for appearing here this night. It has saved my intended wife some mortification. She will now, of course, at once proceed to obtain a release—I will not say divorce, for she never lived with this man. His kiss, has never even stained her lips. Mine she is and shall be, my virgin bride, adoring me as I do her"—perseg to kiss Margaret's forehead, at which aurmur of sympathy arose, so loud that the restraining memory that they were it church prevented it from bursting into a long, triumphant, hearty shout—"a woman who have not her peer, and who will no longer first he seelf at the mercy of two men," darting course pluous glances at Branthope and Martinicu. "In conclusion, friends and strangers, I him you to reassemble at this church, at this have, one month from this date, and we will finise the ceremony which has been so unpleasant; interrupted."

An enthesiastic clapping of hands, with something which sounded very much like a cheer, assured him of the sympathy of his hearers; the tumult, sounding in Margaret's dull ears like the roaring of the sea, recalled her to some consciousness of what was transpiring about her. She raised her head, looked on the surrounding faces, shivered as if cold, and again closing her eyes:

"Let me die, here and now, Kemble. I am so

eyes:
"Let me die, here and now, Kemble. I am so tired—so tired!" piteously, like an overwearied 'It is just time to begin to live!" whispered

the arrangement of the orange wreath, the bride was, from the lustrous silk, how white the bride was, how red she was, and whether, or not, she carried a bouquet. The bridegroom, too, being a stranger, received an unusual share of attention.

The music died slowly out, the buzz of whispering spectators subsided into silence as the clergyman advanced, and the ceremony began. When he came to the words—"If any man can could lay finger upon him. before the persons who sprung to restrain him could lay finger upon him.

But for once, the Fates directed the pistol-shot with something like an approach to justice; it whizzed past the man for whom it was intended, lodging in Branthope's arm, who still stood close to Kellogg by the chancel-rails.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FINALE IN D MAJOR.

In his excitement, Branthope did not know that he was wounded; he felt the ball only by a numbness above his elbow. There was time for no more mischief, before a dozen stout hands clutched at the assassin, tore his weapon from him, and held him as in a vise, while the sheriff of the county, who, with all the rest of the community, was in the church, pressed forward to make him prisoner for this outrageous assault.

"If he is a gentleman," hissed the senor, "he will not refuse to meet me. I shall be out on bail to-morrow, Mr. Kellogg, and my second shall wait upon you."

"I am a gentleman," responded Kemble, calmly, "and I do refuse to meet you—for that reason. I only fight with honorable men."

A buzz and a second cheer went up at this. The audience at the time ignored their whereabouts, and let human nature have play as freely as if outside church-wells.

"Make way!" cried. Kemble, who had a

as if outside church-wells.

"Make way!" cried Kemble, who had a touch of the actor in his ejaculation when very much aroused; "my darling will die for want

much aroused; "my darling will die for want of air."

"La! yes; do clear the decks," cried Mrs. Griggs, who, for once, had had her fill of romantical mysteries, and, all in tears, had urged her way to the side of the young lady. "Ah, Miss Margaret, is your troubles never to be over, I do wonder;" and she waved an immense palm-leaf fan with such vigor that the bride-elect gasped for breath, and finally, after two or three shuddering efforts came back to conor three shuddering efforts came back to con-

sciousness.
"I'll get you out of this, sweet," murmured
Kemble in her ear. "I will take you away
from all these eyes and ears. I have friends.
A cordon of them shall surround you every moment until you are free to finish the ceremony. It is but a brief delay, after all, my sweet, sweet

He murmured to her, as if she were a baby to be petted, he felt so much more vexed to think she should be made to suffer so, than he did

she should be made to suffer so, than he did even for his own disappointment.

She lifted her head with a faint smile, and, seeing good Mrs. Griggs plying her fan, gave her one of her arms, while Kemble supported the other, and the three began to move slowly in the wake of the retiring crowd.

Just here a thin, loud nasal voice rung over the heads of the multitude, and looking up, they saw a bluff man, in sailor rig, standing on the railing in front of the choir, and waving his hat.

the railing in front of the choir, and waving lishat.

It seemed as if surprises were to have no end. "Lord love us!" shrieked Mrs. Griggs, "it's my 'Zekiel!"

"Why, yes; if I ain't your'n, I ain't any woman's," answered the sailor, beaming down on the lifted face like a lantern to the fore. "I ain't a polygamist, that's so, like some I knows on," and he winked at Senor Martinique, who stood, with clenched teeth, motionless under the sheriff's hand. "Don't be in a hurry, friends! Heave to and cast anchor, and listen to a reg'l'r sailor's yarn. I've been on a long voyage, and if I'm fifteen minutes late, the best-rigged ships will lose that, sometimes, in a run of several hundred miles. I'm real pleased it wa'n't half an hour, kase, if it had been, I should have been too late to have tied a true-lover's knot between them two, to-night. And I tell you, parson, you'll be wanted yit, to finish this little job, so you needn't be a taking off that night-gown.

"You see, I been down to Maracaibo, where the senor hails from. We lay to, there, a good spell; and, as I hadn't much elso to do, I thought I'd look up his character—for, you must know, I'm the master of the Sally Ann, as took Miss Margaret aboard, when she came so near bein' water-logged that night, in the river—"

"Oh, lud, yis: that wet through, and her clothes friz to her, as you never saw—a most romantical—" put in Mrs. Griggs' oar, and then suddenly ceased—in her excitement the good woman had spoken right out in meetin', and was thoroughly frightened the moment she realized it.

"You wan wife was took as interest in the realized it.

realized it. realized it.

"An' me an' wife, we took an interest in her,"
went on the sailor, from his perch on the gallery
railing; "we knew she wanted to get shet of
that fellow that had just snared her like a fish in a net, an' I set about making myself familiar with his—" Antecedents. 'Zek'el," assisted Mrs Griggs,

"Antecedents. Let e., forgetting herself again.
"Yis, with them, as Sally says. And what was one of the first facts I stubbed my too again? No? "Yis, with them, as Sally says. And what was one of the first facts I stubbed my toe ag'in? Can't you guess, ladies and gentlemen? No? Well, Senor Martinique has had a wife these fourteen years. It's true, he's younger than sh, and she's got an awful temper, and they hain't lived together these ten years. Still, there hain't been any legal separation, and the woman's alive to-day. I seen her and talked with her myself, and wasn't she hoppin' mad when I told her the senor had married a handsome young lady! You may bet on that. So she didn't make many bones of lendin' me her weddin'-certificate an' all the writin's, includin' a settlement of plenty o' money on her loving husband—and here's the documents, good friends, in this here envelope. I'm in the nick o' time. Hurrah!" He waved his hat with a sailor's cheer, which was heartily responded to by the people.

"So you see, parson, this young lady was never truly married to this ar' man, and there ain't a straw in the way of your settin't to work and finishin' the job. You'll pocket your pay the sooner," with another wink, "and all that weddin'-cake won't be wasted. The least that can be done by Mr. Maxwell is to give us a thunderin' feast—while, as for the senor, I propose we tie him up to the main-mast, and punish him by letting him look on."

Some of the audience laughed; and 'Zekiel, scorning the stairs, came down a pillar, like a squirrel down a tree, made his way to his wife,

Some of the audience laughed; and 'Zekiel, scorning the stairs, came down a pillar, like a squirrel down a tree, made his way to his wife, and kissed her with a resounding emphasis.

"There's a smack," observed he to the person nearest at hand, who chanced to be a pretty and tittering young girl.

The gallant sailor marshaled the bridal party back before the altar; the minister and Mr. Kellogg examined the yellow papers which proved the previous marriage of Mr. Martinique, and then, there being no longer reason for delay, the ceremony was resumed, at the point where it broke off.

it broke off.

In three moments more Romeo and Juliet were man and wife.

After the benediction, loud murmurs of congratulation arose; all pressed forward to wish the noble couple all the joy that earth has in store for her most favored.

At this improve Branthone stood up before

store for her most favored.

At this juncture Branthope stood up before the altar. He was pale from emotion, as well as loss of blood. His wife had bound up his arm as tightly as she could with his handkerchief, for he had refused to go away until he had spoken. With more of manliness than one would have expected from him, he expressed his shame and sorrow at the part he had taken in his cousin's persecutions, alleging, as some palliation of his selfishness, the fact that he had been led astray in the city, into expensive habits, and had conin the city, into expensive habits, and had contracted debts which made him the prey of the more designing senor. He then, personally, begged Margaret's forgiveness, which she, in the happiness of that hour, could not refuse him. As a proof that she really did forgive, he asked that the world return to the house according to that she would return to the house, according to her lover.

"Guard yourself!" shrieked Mrs. Maxwell.

"Guard yourself!" shrieked Mrs. Maxwell.

Generous as ever, the bride consented, and the invited guests returned to the Villa, gayer than usual, after the strange interruptions to the regular order of things.

Mr. and Mrs. Griggs had a conspicuous seat at table, and were much admired by the refined guests—as curiosities. It will be a lifelong pleasure to Mrs. Sally to feel that, for once in her existence, she mingled in as fine and fashionable a "throng" as she had ever read of in her best-loved novels.

loved novels.

Mr. Maxwell had to send for the doctor to dress his arm; but he kept up till the company separated—a midnight special train taking the New York visitors home, and with them Mr. and

Mrs. Kellogg.

During the ride to town Kemble explained to During the ride to town Kemble explained to his wife the nervousness which he had shown in the early part of evening. He told her that for the last three days he had received, through the post, each day, a mysterious intimation that a disappointment was in store for him. He began to feel a subtle assurance that Martinique was alive; yet, as such a thing was so incredible, he tried to shake off the impression, with more or less success, according to his mood.

When the senor paid his fine, for assault, and was a free man, he immediately left the country. The woman for whom he had played so high a stake was another's; and, though his flery temper burned to avenge itself on the actor, there was about Kemble Kellogg a cool air of courage and self-possession, which made him wisely conclude to defer his revenge to some indefinite future period.

ture period.

To sweet, innocent Mrs. Maxwell the public story of her husband's weakness was a sorry blow. It was some time before she recovered spirits to face even her friends. Shutting herself in the Villa, she nursed Branthope until his arm was well, and seeing how ashamed he was, did not reproach him. She loved him well enough to forgive him. And it was the compensating good in his general lexity of principle that he really did love and cherish his pretty

As for little Tina, she was distracted between two desires—to go with Mrs. Kellogg, as her tiring-woman, and have the pleasure of dressing her for all those fine characters in which she to appear—or to remain and marry the head-gardener of Branthope Villa.

To the credit of her womanliness let us con-

clude that she remained and married the gar-

A few Advertisements will be inserted no this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, non-pareil measurement.

Dime Hand-Books.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES. Beadle's Dime Hand-Books for Young into the market for popular circulation.
Ladies' Letter-Writer,
Gents' Letter-Writer,
Book of Etiquette,
Book of Etiquette,
Book of Derams,
Book of Dreams,
Book of Dreams,

HAND-BOOKS OF GAMES. Beadle's Dime Hand-Books of Games and Popular Hand-Books cover a variety of subjects, and are especially adapted to their end. Conding and Skating.
Book of Croquet.
Chess Instructor.
Cricket and Football.

Book of Pedestrianism.

MANUA'S FOR HOUSE 1 IVES. Beadle's Dime Family Series aims to sup-ply a class of text-books and manuals fitted for every person's use—the cld and the young, the learned and the unlearned. They are of conceded value. 4. Family Physician.
5. Dressmaking and Millinery. . Cook Book.

2. Recipe Book.
3. Housekeeper's Guide.

Sold by all newsdeal rs or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, ten cents each! BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street, New York.

Dialogues, Dramas and Recitations

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS AND PARLOR THEATRICALS. BEADLE AND ADAMS have now on their lists the fol-BEADLE AND ADAMS have now on their lists the following highly desirable and attractive text-books prepared expressly for schools, families, etc. Each volume contains 100 large pages, printed from chear open type comprising the best collection of Dialogues, Dramas and Recitations, (buriesque, comic and otherwise.) The Dime Speakers for the season of 1876—as far as now issued, embraces eighteen volumes, viz:

1. American Speaker.

2. National Speaker.

3. Patriotic Speaker.

4. Comic Speaker.

5. Elocutionist.

6. Humorous Speaker.

6. Humorous Speaker.

6. Humorous Speaker.

6. Standard Speaker.

6. Stomp Speaker.

7. Standard Speaker.

8. Stump Speaker.

8. School Speaker.

16. Kouth's Speaker.

17. Eloquent Speaker.

18. Contennial Speaker.

19. Contennial Speaker.

1. American Speaker.
2. National Speaker.
3. Patriotic Speaker.
4. Comic Speaker.
5. Elocationist.
6. Humorous Speaker.
7. Standard Speaker.
8. Stump Speaker.
9. Juvenile Speaker.
17. Eloquent Speaker.
18. Centennial Speaker.
19. Home Farsh sources, and contain some of the choicest oratory of the times. The Dime Dialogues, each volume 100 pages, embrace vight een books, viz.:
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, already issued.

8, already issued.

The above books are for sale by all newsdealers, r sent, post-paid, on receipt of price—ten cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street. New York.

WANTED! SALESMEN at a salary of \$1200 a year to travel and sell goods to Dealers. NO PEDDLING. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address, MONITOR MANUFACTURING Co., Cincinhati, Onio 857-18t * \$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO, Augusta, Maine.
855-1y

Each week to Agents. Goods Staple. 10,000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. J. Worth & Co. St. Louis. Mo. Mixed Cards, name in Gold, 25 ets.; 15 for 1) ets. 25 Snowilake or Marble, 25 ets.; 100 styles. Outfit 10 ets. J. F. MOORE, 11 Paine Street, Providence, R. I. 353-8t.

\$55 to \$77 a Week to Agents. Samples FREE. Name of the State of the St

75 VISITING CARDS, no two alike, with Circular, etc., by return mail, 30 cts, and 3 ct. stamp. Your name handsomely printed; choicest assortment ever seen. Unheard of inducement sto agents. Largest variety on earth at my office. Write plainly, and if you are not more than satisfied I'll refund your money. Address W. C. CANNON, 46 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland. Me.

This Is No Humbug. BY sending 35 cents and stamp with age, hight, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mall a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Box Nc. 88, Fultonville, N. Y. 294-358

66 ree. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 355 ly Amusen ent and Instruction Combined.

The great st writers in the English language have ritten pl. ys from which most quotations are made. ature who is not familiar with the standard dramas. The best means of obtaining a knowledge of dramatic literature is getting up Private Theatricals. They are oftentimes the beg ming of a successful career as an actor or an actress. Should the tage be adopted, there are but few more lucrative or interesting professions. Good actors and actresses are tlways in demand. Plays, Dramas, and all needful supplies can be obtained from SAM'L FRENCH & SON, 122 Nassau Street, N. Y. A complete catalogue of all plays published senfree; also, a catalogue especially adapted for Amateurs.

25 ELEGANT CARDS, all styles, with name, 10c post-paid. GEO. I. REED & CO., NASSAU, N.Y.

25 MIXED CARDS, latest sytles, or 25 Scroll, 5 styles, 10 cents., prst-paid. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, New York. 859-4t.r

MR. PODDLE AT HOME.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Now, Absalom Poddle, look there,
You've gone and left open the door,
Don't you know that a door's made to shut?
I've told you so otten before.
Why, every door about the house you've given
the habit of flying open when you're
around. And you know there are nearly a score.

Arms full of wood? What of that?
That is no sort of excuse,
When the weather's as cold as it is,
And—look at the snow on your shoes!
I'll declare, Mr. Poddle, whenever you are
about, the house gets all tore upside

And I'd like to know what is the use.

You make all the work that you can
For a wowan as worn out as I,
You scratch up the chairs with your heels,
Now, Poddle, you cannot deny!
And you spit in the stove, and if that isn't
enough you muddy up the hearth—
If I wasn't so mad I would cry.

You move every thing in the room,
And sprinkle the coal on the stairs,
And all of the rugs you kick up
For the sake of increasing my cares,
And you always leave your boots right in the
middle of the room—
Unless they should be on the chairs.

I've got to go all through the house
When you're in here, to set the things
straight,
The books are left lying around
Till the room sin a horrible plight,
And some of these days I ll let my temper get
the upper hand of me—and you,
And the people will say I was right.

These almost make me complain,
And I wonder sometimes why I don't;
I'll bear them as long as I can,
And, you bet, when I can't then I won't.
I'll be compelled to quit using the broom
the floor, or the shovel in the stove,
And put them to better account.

I'm sure that I give you advice
Which would make a changed person of you;
I know I'm as patient as Job,
And I wish you had married a shrew,
And some day you will worry me till I'm dead
and buried, Mr. Poddle,
Then what in the world would you do?

Great Captains.

BOLIVAR.

The Liberator of Colombia.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE story of Spanish domination in America The story of Spanish domination in America is one of rapacity, misrule and revolution. The States of South America were simply fields in which Spanish avarice rioted. Viceroys only came to enrich themselves and a large retinue of retainers from the treasure, the labor and the suffering of the miserable natives. In mines, in the fields, on the highways, the foreigner was master and the Indian the slave. This for a century after Pizarro's cruel advent. A second century witnessed the rapid growth of a mixed race, less abject than the Indian but more vicious, turbulent and intractable; and though the Spaniard became the fixed resident and dominant power in State, in society, in commerce and in power in State, in society, in commerce and in the church, a higher power in Spain ruled him with a tyranny and insolence born of that greed for gold and lust for others' estates that made the Castilian both dreaded and detested in the New World.

New World.

Against this tyranny the people at length began to revolt. Spanish glory and the Spanish name, little by little, lost their hold on the popular mind. Each succeeding governor found his "subjects" less easily governed, and Spain beheld her colonial tributes year by year grow less. Her galleons were less richly freighted, and her "plate fleets" lessened in number until they almost entirely disappeared, for the West India possessions, the South American provinces and Mexico, with the opening of the present century, all were ripe for revolt against their oppressor.

This revolt was stimulated by the revolution in France, but more particularly by the remarkable progress and prosperity of the United States of North America. The principle of liberty and the rights of self-government were subjects of constant discussion in the Spanish colonies, but the absence of leaders, and the presence of strong Spanish garrisons in all the provinces made liberty impractical until the appearance on the scene of General Miranda, in 1810. Fresh from service in the French army, and familiar with popular liberty from a residence in the United States, he had resolved to raise the standard of revolt in the South American provinces, and landed in Venezuela, in 1810, to commence his work of organizing the movement for revolution. He was accompanied by a young Venezuelan, Simon Bolivar—the future Liberator and "Father of his Country." stant discr on in the Spanish colonies, but

Simon Bolivar was born at Caraceas, July 24th, 1783, coming from a distinguished family. He was sent to Spain for education—traveled in He was sent to Spain for education—traveled in southern Europe—spent a year in Paris—returned to Madrid and married—all of which happened before his twentieth year. Remaining in Madrid with his girl-wife several years longer, his father's death called him home, and he reached Caraccas in March, 1809, taking his beautiful wife to his extensive patrimonial estate, in the fair vale of Aragua, near Caraccas city, where he hoped for years of domestic bliss. But then quickly came the sorrow of his life in the death of his wife by yellow fever. Almost frantic with grief he returned to Europe to alleviate his suffering by travel. He was restless and misewith grief he returned to Europe to alleviate his suffering by travel. He was restless and miserable. Spain had no pleasure for him. He came to the United States—a moody, unhappy man. Here he fell in with General Miranda, to whose schemes for the liberation of South America from the galling Spanish yoke he gave ear, and proceeded with him to Venezuela, in 1810. Miranda with the state of the s anda almost at once raised the standard of re ress called to organize a new government for

Venezuela.

This was the beginning of the Spanish-American Revolution, that, from that moment, went on until every colony of Spain in South America had secured its independence. But with what bloodshed, destruction, flerce passion, prolonged strife! In that wild drama, so lurid with war, Bolivar towers up as the man indicated by Providence for the chief work: the bereaved husband found in his sorrow the incentive to that band found in his sorrow the incentive to that other love, the love of country, that bore him through disaster, through exile, through suffer-

ing, to the fullness of triumph in the independence of all the South American colonies.

He proceeded, along with Luis Mendez, to London, at his own expense, in June, to interest the British Cabinet in the cause of the revolutionists; but, when was Great Britain ever known to aid in any popular cause? With loud est the British Cabinet in the cause of the revo-lutionists; but, when was Great Britain ever known to aid in any popular cause? With loud and constant asseverations of liberty, the Brit-ish nation never yet acted a disinterested and unselfish part in any struggle for freedom; but, waiting until sympathy and aid are no longer needed, or until her own selfish interests are aroused, England then comes forward to share in what others have won. This is about all there is in her "foreign policy." Bolivar re-turned, disappointed and disgusted, leaving Mendez to work for the revolutionary cause as best he could.

Mendez to work for the revolutionary cause as best he could.

Miranda was confronted, in 1811, by a powerful royal army, under Monteverde, and after various reverses, the patriots were overcome. By some historians Miranda is accused of have the beauty of the course of ing betrayed his cause through a secret understanding with Great Britain. Bolivar and his copatriots adopted that view, and by their act Miranda was delivered over to Monteverde, by whom he was sent in chains to Spain, where he

soon after died in a dungeon.* Bolivar received a passport and retired to Curacoa, and Venezuela passed into royal hands again. All of Bolivar's vast property was sequestrated, and the whole country was given over to awful reprisal. "Deeds of revolting ferocity and plunder reduced the whole country to a frightful state of misery. On pretexts the most trivial old men, women and children were arrested, maimed, and massacred as rebels. One of Monteverde's officers, Colonel Suasola, cut off the ears of a great number of patriots and had them stuck in his soldiers' caps for cockades."

These terrible atrocities, so wholly characteristic of a Spanish soldiery, aroused the fires of gresentment in every colony, and Bolivar, with his cousin, Colonel Ribas, left their exile at Curacoa to again lead the revolt. In September, 1812, he repaired to Carthagena and took a colonel's command in the patriot army of New Grenada.

With this hymble command the citizen days.

colonel's command in the patriot army of New Grenada.

With this humble command the citizen developed rapidly into the efficient leader and sagacious general. He moved so rapidly and struck so valiantly as to confound the insolent royalists, who, at every point, fell before him. His chosen five hundred increased to two thousand, and with that force he deemed himself strong enough to march into his own province of Venezuela to its relief. And in he marched—the people rising to welcome him as he advanced. A second division under Ribas was formed.

In view of the atroctites practiced by Monteverde, the patriot army, swelled by hundreds whose sufferings had rendered them desperate, proclaimed a decree of guerra a muerte—war to the death. This proclamation, dated June 18th, 1813, announced:

1813, announced:

"The executioners who entitle themselves our enemies have beheaded thousands of our brothren; our fathers, children, friends they have buried alive in subterranean dungeons and vaults; they have immolated the President and commandant of Popayan, with all their captive companions; they have perpetrated at Varinas a horrid butchery of our fellow soldiers made prisoners of war, and of many peaceful citizens; these victims shall be avenged - the executioners shall be exterminated. Our oppressors compel us to a mortal struggle; they shall disappear from America; the war shall be unto death!"

A dreadful alternative, but think of the provocation! Bolivar, though assenting from mo-ives of policy, did not sign the bloody edict and

tives of poncy, find not sign the bloody edict and did not propose to enforce it; it was against his humane disposition.

On August 4th, 1813, the liberating army was in Caraccas. Monteverde, severely beaten in one pitched battle, took refuge in the sea fortress of Puerto Cabello, and Venezuela was free!

What rejoicing followed! The liberator was horse jut the city on a triumphale car drawn by ress of Puerto Cabello, and Venezuela was free!
What rejoicing followed! The liberator was borne into the city on a triumphal car drawn by twelve beautiful young women of the leading families of Caraccas, dressed in white, and adorned with the patriot colors, while others strewed the way with flowers. Prison doors flew open and hundreds came forth—pale and emaciated victims of royalist inhumanity. Public opinion, as well as the exigency of the moment, compelled the liberator to assume the office of dictator, but this he soon formally resigned, owing to fears of a "one-man power." Throughout his entire public career, up to the day of his death, his enemies so impugned his motives, and so misconstrued his acts, as to forbid for a generation any correct or just estimate of his talents, patriotism and honesty; but, now that time has cleared away the calumnies of foes and properly construed the adulation of those who almost worshiped the man, we see him as one who was a patriot in head, hand and heart, whose loftiest ambition was to make a free and powerful republic of all the provinces.

The royalists, recovering from their defeat, rallied around several leaders, who, arming the negro slaves, and gathering to their standard all the very worst elements of a society steeped in ignorance, and tainted with a mixture of three races, marched to and fro, committing atrocties that make a sickening record. Three "generals"

ignorance, and tainted with a mixture of three races, marched to and fro, committing atrocities that make a sickening record. Three "generals"—Boves, Rosette and Morales—we are told, imitated the ferocity of the first invaders by slaughtering women and children, and killing every man who refused to join their ranks. One "General" Puy, after having murdered many individuals, and robbed all patriot homes in his way, ended by a general arrest of patriots in the town of Varinas, and two days were consumed in their slaughter by the firing platoons. For town of Varinas, and two days were consumed in their slaughter by the firing platoons. For this deed of blood Bolivar had to order a reprisal, the people were so fierce for revenge, and eight hundred Spaniards, known to be royalists, were arrested and publicly shot, February 14th, 1814. Monteverde retaliated by shooting all the prisoners he held at Puerto Cabello. These blood reprisals thereafter became a feature of that relentless struggle, and humanity stands aghast at the possion that could have stimulated and sustained such a slaughter.

aghast at the passion that could have stimulated and sustained such a slaughter.

Battle after battle occurred, and finally Bolivar was beaten (June 14th, 1814) at La Puerta, and again (August 17th) on his own beautiful estate at San Mateo, where the "infernal division"—a legion of negro cavalry led by Boves, with black crape on their lances—rode down his guards, killed General Ribos, and Bolivar was a fugitive once more. His mansion was burned, Ribos' head was stuck up on the walls of Caracas, and by September the whole of Venezuelawas in Monteverde's possession. What followed to the patriot families can hardly be related. The story is one of sickening horror that but

was in Monteverde's possession. What followed to the patriot families can hardly be related. The story is one of sickening horror that but darkens a name already blackened by the cruelties of Cortez, Pizarro and their captains.

Bolivar fled to Carthagena, to be welcomed by the patriots of New Grenada and given chief command of their forces. He was engaged, after several successes, in reducing to obedience the factious patriot, Col. Castillo, in Carthagena, when (April, 1815) the Spanish General Morillo appeared before Carthagena with an army of 12,000 mem—veterans, released from service in Europe by the peace of 1814. That army had but to land and occupy the country; it was too strong to be opposed in the then straitened condition of the colonists. Bolivar fled to Jamaica, and Morillo, with fire and sword, ravaged the two "republics"—New Grenada and Venezuela. He shot 500 citizens of Bogota and 1,500 were shot and hanged at Zimiti.

To rid the patriots of their leader, a Spaniard was hired, for the sum of \$50,000, to assassinate Bolivar in his bed. The Spaniard sub-let the job to a negro, who stealing to the patriot's chamber, stabbed Bolivar's secretary as he lay in bed—the chief, by mere chance, being absent from his room that night. This warning compelled him to flee to Hayti, in whose president, Petion, he found a friend, and by whose aid he formed four negro battalions and a corps of "emigrants"—the dispersed patriots

ing compelled him to flee to Hayti, in whose president, Petion, he found a friend, and by whose aid he formed four negro battalions and a corps of "emigrants"—the dispersed patriots. With this new force he landed on the island of Margarita, in May 1816, and there joined the patriots gathering under General Arismendi. But, landing at Cumana, in July, with this motley "army," it was almost literally destroyed by the royalists, who showed no quarter whatever.

ter whatever.

Escaping again to Hayti, he there so reorganized the patriot cause, through secret agents, that he reappeared, in December, at Margarita, and issuing a proclamation to the Venezuelans, he landed at Barcelona, where the patriots had flocked at his call. Morillo hastened thither to crush him. A terrific battle ensued. For three days the combatants fought—the patriots crying "liberty or death!" On the third day the Soaniard was wholly defeated, but in ots crying "liberty or death!" On the third day the Spaniard was wholly defeated, but in his retreat was struck by the fierce Llaneros cavalry of General Paez, coming forward to Bolivar's support. These wild riders from the Llanos took terrible vengeance on the detested enemy, and Morillo's army was nearly annihilated.

*"For this conduct," says one historian, "Bolivar and his co-patriots have been severely reproached with treachery and ingratitude. There were, however, many circumstances which appear to justify a suspicion of Miranda's collusion with the British Cabinet. He had long been a resident of London, was patronized and paid by the English, and was in constant intercourse with the English officers stationed at the neighboring islands, and was about to depart in the vessel of an English captain." It should be added, however, that his friends solemnly asseverated the purity of his patriotism.

Once more the insurgent cause was in the ascendant. To Bolivar, as supreme chief, all flocked, and he quickly gathered at Angostura an army of 5,000. With these he marched westward, 600 miles in thirty days, to defeat and scatter Morillo's reorganized command at Calabozo. Numerous battles followed in quick succession, in all of which Bolivar's troops were successful, and in February, 1819, the new Congress of Venezuela met at Angostura. It was opened by an oration or message from Bolivar that inaugurated the republic proper, although he strongly asseverated the need of the "I give this bureau and all it contains to my constitution, as she led the way into the sitting-room, where the old day and disputed to a cross old woman."

"No," said Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked inside?"

"No," said Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked inside?"

"No," said Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked inside?"

"No," said Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked inside?"

"No," said Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked inside?"

"No," said Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked insid Calabozo. Numerous battles followed in quick succession, in all of which Bolivar's troops were successful, and in February, 1819, the new Congress of Venezuela met at Angostura. It was opened by an oration or message from Bolivar that inaugurated the republic proper, although he strongly asseverated the need of the one man power. He then resigned to the congress his authority as supreme chief, only to be formally elected president, and then proceeded, in an admirable manner, to put the state and society in order again.

ceeded, in an admirable manner, to put the state and society in order again.

But he was ere long called to the other colonies to become the liberator, in succession, of New Grenada, Ecuador and Peru. In the summer of 1819 he fought several great battles that gave him possession of New Grenada, and a grand triumphal procession and entry welcomed him to Bogota. He was made president and captain-general of the republic. He summoned a general congress in December, by which New Grenada and Venezuela were united under the name of Colombia, of which he was made president.

name of Colombia, of which he was made president.

It is impossible here to fellow the course of history in detail. Morillo, "weary of hopeless slaughter," and disgusted with the service demanded of him by Spain, left the country (January, 1821). His successor, Gen. La Torre, Bolivar defeated in the memorable battle of Carabobo, near Valencia (June, 1821), when over 6,000 of the royalists were slain and all their baggage and artillery captured. This freed Colombia; so he turned to the provinces to the south, and by a series of remarkable successes entered Lima, Peru, Sept. 1822, and was formally made dictator. In July 1824 he crossed the Andes—a terrible march—with 10,000 men, to meet the Spanish army on the plains of Junin and give it a stunning defeat; and in December his two generals, Suara and Miller, in his absence at Lima, won the great victory of Ayacucho, which ruined the royalists, and relieved Spanish America of all Spanish domination. eved Spanish America of all Spanish domina

In February, 1825, Bolivar convoked the Congress of Peru and resigned his dictatorship. Then he proceeded to the southern provinces of Peru, which soon were confederated into the Republic of Bolivia, for which he was asked to

Republic of Bolivia, for which he was asked to propose a constitution and code. He did so, in May, 1826, and this was adopted by Bolivia in the December following, but not without many protests from patriots who greatly disliked its life fenure of president. Peru also adopted the code and made Bolivar its president, while Suara became president of Bolivia.

Bolivar's code gave rise to charges of usurpation or imperial designs, seeing that he was also president of Colombia; and out of it grew grave troubles, which the rest of his life was spent in averting or suppressing. Factions arose, and their leaders proceeded to violence, in "pronouncing" against Bolivar as a tyrant and oppressor. Once six assassins entered his room and murdered two officers at his side, he only escaping by leaping, in the dark, from a winescaping by leaping, in the dark, from a win-

dow.

In January, 1830, at a specially-summoned congress, he resigned all his powers, and, though re-elected, would not longer consent to the presidency. Worn in body, and sick in heart, he longed for rest. "I am taunted," he said, in his solemn address at the opening, "with aspiring to tyranny. Set me, I beseech you, beyond the reach of that censure. If you persist in electing me, the State is ruined. Give to another the presidency which I now respectfully abdicate." He retired to Carthagena, seeing his friend Mosquero in the presidency; but that exother the presume, abdicate." He retired to Carthagena, seeing his friend Mosquero in the presidency; but that excellent patriot was soon driven to resignation, in despair of ever being able to control the turbulent spirits ambitious for place and power. Again the people and Congress besought Bolivar to come forward once more, but failing health warned him that his best work was done. He had given his countrymen a country; if they

warned him that his best work was done. He had given his country; if they could not preserve it, then, indeed, had his life work been a failure.

As a last act, in December, 1831, he published to Colombians a farewell address, in which he vindicated his acts, principles, and public life, and charged upon his people ingratitude. This address was quickly followed by his death—December 17th, 1831.

These two events, coming so closely together, produced a profound sensation. Then all classes realized how deeply they had wronged him to whom they owed all they had and were. That he had passed to an early grave, broken hearted, touched them like a great sorrow. Expressions of grief were general and sincere. His ions of grief were general and sincere. His alumniators trembled before the popular indig-nation. Living, he had a howling host at his ation. Living, he had a howling host at his eels, eager to hunt him from sight; dead, that owling host slunk away, awed and trembling before the wail of sorrow that went up over all

the land.

The States he freed from the despot have lived. The States he freed from the despot have lived to witness change after change—revolution after revolution—driving one "president" from office merely to instate another. That feverish Spanish blood seems incapable of stability and submission to law. Bolivar foresaw just that danger when he provided for a life tenure of office for the president. Happy for Colombians and Peruvians—for the people of Ecuador and Bolivia—if they could be so true to the memory of Bolivar, the Father of their Country, as to respect the principle of law and order which it was his ambition to ingraft upon their republican constitutions!

Aunt Patty's Legacy.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"DINNER ready, Addie?" called Harry Atwood, as he came in from the store where he was book-keeper. "I have to go over to Jersey City after dinner to receive our fortune."

Addie. "Then I sup-

book-keeper. "I have to go over to Jersey City after dinner to receive our fortune."

"All ready," answered Addie. "Then I suppose you have heard from the lawyers, Harry?"

"Yes, I got a note this morning, telling me our legacy was waiting, and I'd better come over at once. I hope it will be worth going after, that's all."

"Well, we know poor Aunt Patty wasn't very rich," said Addie, as she poured Harry a cup of coffee, "but I do hope it will be four or five hundred dollars. Then we can buy this house, and own a home, Harry! Won't that be nice? We can do it, I know, with that much help."

"Better not count your chickens till they are hatched," was Harry's laughing answer. But in his own heart he echoed Addie's hope, and he really thought, as it had turned out to everybody's surprise that Aunt Patty had something to leave, that they were as likely to fare well as anybody. For the crusty old maid had always seemed to like them more than her other relations, and had now and then visited them, and Addie had once nursed her through a six weeks' fever, when nobody could accuse her of self-interest. Addite had once furset her through a six weeks fever, when nobody could accuse her of self-interest, because they all thought Aunt Patty quite as poor as themselves.

"I'll be back by supper-time," said Harry, as he went away.

"Don't get too proud till I come,

Addie."
Addie laughed and said she wouldn't, and she did try to think of something else than Aunt Patty's legacy, but then they were young, and they were poor, and they did so want to own a home, that no wonder Addie was anxious. She ran to the door several times to look for Harry, and when at last she heard him, she had it open before he could reach it.

and when at last she heard him, she had it open before he could reach it.

Harry was on the steps, helping a man to carry up a little old ugly bureau which Addie had seen in Aunt Patty's bedroom many a time.

"Oh, Harry!" cried Addie, with a look of

dismay.
"Here it is!" sung out Harry, with such an air of comic distress that Addie laughed in spite 'Perhaps there is something in the drawers,"

"I give this bureau and all it contains to my nephew and niece, Harry and Addie Atwood, in the hope that they may find it useful."

"PATTY BLAKE."

They lifted and looked at the things in the drawer—two or three old, thin sheets, two or three worn table-cloths and pillow-cases, and an ancient pair of Swiss muslin window-curtains,

worked in turkey-red cotton, and worn into holes where they were not meant to be.

Harry and Addie looked at each other in blank

dismay.

"Try another drawer," suggested Addie.
The next drawer, being tried, contained only one or two coarse, yellow muslin night-gowns and a couple of cotton night-caps—with huge ruffles, which roused Harry's mirth at once, and in the bettom drawer there was nothing but the ruffles, which roused Harry's mirth at once, and in the bottom drawer there was nothing but the

remains of an old, black bombazine dress.
Still Addie could not give up. "Maybe there is a secret drawer somewhere—or a false bottom or something," she suggested, again; "I've read

or something," she suggested, again; "I've read of such things!"

"Not likely," said Harry, but he pulled all the drawers clear out, examined them, pounded and thumped all the boards, and at last said:

"No use, Addie! No romance here! We've got our legacy before us!" And he broke into a laugh.

Addie was nearer crying. "Ugly old thing!" she said. "Tis'nt of any use, nor the things in it—they are only fit for carpet rags!"

"" Well, where will you have it?" asked Harry.
"Put it up garret for rubbish, or in the woodshed for kindling wood, I don't care which!" said Addie, who was unable to control her dis-

appointment.
"Laugh if you can!" she added. "We didn't want her to give us anything, but since we heard she did, I've thought so much about the dear little house, Harry, I can't help feeling sorry

"Never mind, we'll have the house yet!" said bright-hearted Harry, making the best of it, as he always did. "Well, is the old trap to be ban-ished to the garret?" "Yes, we have all the furniture there's room

for down here, and up-stairs too, and 'it's of no use anywhere."

So with the assistance of Ann, the stout kitchso with the assistance of Ann, the stout kitchen maid, the old bureau was taken up to the garret, and Addie, after one more glance at the worn old things in the upper drawer, left them folded as they were, thinking if ever she made a rag carpet they might do for the white stripe!

The winter came on severe, and "hard times" was everybody's complaint. Harry began to look anxious, and told Addie that he feared the house he was with had become somewhat involved, and he didn't know but he would come home some day out of a place.

ome home some day out of a place.

And one day he did come, looking so grave that Addie at once asked, "Well, Harrry, what is it? Lost your situation?"

"Not quite so bad as that, and maybe I ought not to grumble when it might be worse. But it's bad enough. The company had a meeting to day and were obliged to disprise three of the it's bad enough. The company had a meeting to-day, and were obliged to dismiss three of the clerks, and reduced my salary and the assistant book-keeper's one-third. That only leaves us eight hundred dollars for the next year, Addie, and I don't see how we are to pay the bills little May's sickness has made us, and get through the winter." winter."
"Nor I," said Addie. "You know they

"Nor I," said Addie. "You know they promised to raise your salary next year."

"They would if they could," said Harry.

"As times are now, I'm only too glad to keep my place at all. Mr. March said if I would stand by them through their pinch they would make it up to me as soon as the business pressure lightened."

"Well, 'half a loaf is better than no bread,'" said Addie. "I dare say we can contrive to worry through our own pinch, somehow, Harry."

"I guess we can keep enough on hand to eat and wear, Addie, dear. There's only one thing I hate very much."

"I'm sorry too, but we can't help it, Addie Perhaps we may own it yet, some day. Bu for the present we must hunt a cheap little place somewhere, and do the best we can. I'll look out for a chance before the month is up, and maybe we won't have to go very far out for

"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," sighed Addie. But both she and Harry knew that the only cheap houses were away out on the new streets, far away from the heart of the

new streets, far away from the heart of the city and all its privileges.

Addie was very sad, for she loved their dear little home, and could not bear to leave it. But she saw that it must be done, or get into debt, of which both Harry and herself had a perfect horror, and which they were resolved not to do.
Addie offered to give Ann up and do the work
herself, but this Harry would not hear of as
long as it was possible to keep her.
"Housemaids are cheaper than doctors," he
said, "so Ann must not be discharged at

resent."
Christmas drew near, and then, especially, Addie felt the need of means. "I always have given Harry a Christmas present, every year since we were married," she said to herself, "and I can't give it up. But I can't ask him for money now. What shall I do? I haven't for money now. What shall I do? I haven't time to do any outside work to make money, or any to do, if I had time. I haven't any jewelry to sell, and— Oh!" Addie was looking over the advertisements in a paper, as she mused, and her eye fell upon a notice of a second-hand fur-

"That horrible old bureau up garret!" she cried. "It won't bring much, I know, but then it will be enough for a simple Christmas present, and the old trap has never done any good yet! This says, 'Old-fashioned furniture bought, sold, or exchanged.' The very place I want! I'll send the bureau down there by the very first express wagon I see, and I'll go up and get it ready. It will be worth something if it helps me to give Harry and May one Christmas present! I won't feel quite so poor if I can do I won't feel quite so poor if I can do

She threw down her paper, glanced at little May to see that she was sleeping soundly in her crib tucked the warm quilt snugly around her, and wrapping a shawl about her own shoulders, went up to the garret to empty the drawers of the old bureau, smiling as she remembered her lisappointment when Aunt Patty's legacy was irst brought to sight.

first brought to sight.

But her smile changed to a sigh as she thought,
"If it only had been something worth having!
We need it so much this winter!"
She began at the lower drawer, and took out
the old moth-eaten, bombazine dress, and haid it
upon a chair. Then followed the short nightgowns, and the ancient night-caps, at which
Addie laughed again. Then she opened the upper drawer, and took out the worn table-cloths.
"Let me see," she said, shaking one out of the "Let me see," she said, shaking one out of the folds; "Ann needs some new dish-towels—I might make some of these. Pretty thin, but they'll do, I guess. I'll take them down when I go." She laid them aside, and took up the

This one is not as worn as I thought," she said. "I might use it, now times are so scarce. Let's look at another." She took up the second sheet of the pile—there were only three—and

A yellow envelope fell out upon the floor.
"What's that?" said Addie, picking it up.
Upon the outside, in Aunt Patty's own odd,

to open it.

Then she tore it carefully apart; something came out wrapped in thin white paper; this was quickly unfolded—well, it was only some gravish, greenish strips of paper that Addie held in her trembling fingers, but they stood for just two thousand dollars, and it looked almost as large as a million just now! Upon the bit of white paper was written in the same cramped hand:

"Banks break and lawyers steal, but I'll trust Providence to help you find this when you need it

worst."

Just then Addie heard a cheery whistle downstairs. She went to the door.

"Harry! come up here! Three steps at a time!" she called.

Her voice told Harry that nothing was wrong, so he came bounding up the stairs, and in Addie's happy hands he found, at last, Aunt Patty's Legacy.

Legacy.
Harry and Addie did not leave the pretty cottage they loved so well, but Addie keeps the deed for it safely locked in the drawer of the old bureau in her own bedroom.

TO AN OLD SLIPPER.

BY HUGH HOWARD.

Up in a dusty attic nook I find you lying; You bear a most familiar look, there's no denying. Before you'd walked the sands of time for any dis-

tance, I knew you in the brilliant prime of your existence. About the heel you're trodden low, your mien is jaded;
That scarlet rose upon your toe is sadly faded.
Yet though your vigor quite away has now exuded, You've done good service in your day, if ever shoe did!

Matilda was a blushing bride when first she wrought With wifely love and wifely pride to me she brought

you.

I well recall my outer glow, not less than inner;
It's fully forty years ago, as I'm a sinner!

Matilda now is sixty-three, while I'm still older;
And time's put chalk in either knee, bowed either shoulder.

And made, old slipper, I opine, since last it quit you.

you, This gnaried and gouty foot of mine too big to fit

There's John, my son, to think that he is almost fifty;
And daughter Kate has grown to be a matron thrifty!
With people elderly and gray they'll soon be ranking,
Yet here's the slipper from which they got many a spanking!

Ripples.

How to take life easy-be careless with coal

"Her Face is a Garden of Flowers," is the title of a new song; but "flowers" is evidently a misprint for "flour."

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very hard to get rid of. "I say, wife, I'm glad this coffee doesn't owe me anything." "Why, my dear?" "Because it would never settle."

"That's the only wedding trip I shall probably ever take," said an old bachelor, as he stumbled

ver a bride's train. We have just heard that seventy new styles of bonnets will be introduced. What a wearing time this season will be!

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with one who is rich, and richly attired.

the question," took up the young lady's cat, and said: "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady: "Say yes, pussy." Grace Greenwood speaks of the unpleasant odor from the hair of the laborers in the quicksilver mines. It may be true that his head is offensive, but the rest of the laboring man is

sweet. An English paper believes that the time will come when mules will bray as sweetly as the nightingale sings. Nothing is impossible with nature. We may even see the time when an Englishman will drop his h's.

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hands, "for instance, a husband who is always ready to handsome money to his wife.

Two young brothers may be as devotedly attached to each other as were Damon and Pythias, but you will never hear of one snatching the scuttle from the hands of the other, and insisting upon going down cellar to bring up the coal.

As a stern-wheel steamboat was passing up the Ohio river the other day, a little girl who was standing on the hotel stoop, ran into the house to her mother, calling out, "Mother, mother, come and look at this steamboat—it's got a bustle on.' "Oh, mamma, that's Captain Jones' knock!

I know he has come to ask me to be his wife! "Well, my dear, you must accept him." "Bu I tho't you hated him so!" "Hate him! I doso much that I intend to be his mother-in-law. Revenge is sweet, especially to women. Edwin.—"And now, darling, before we part, now are we to keep our marriage a profound coveret?" Angeline — (promptly). "Nothing is ecret?" Angeline — (promptly). "Nothing easier, Edwin, dear. You have only to behin

to me as you have always done, and nobody will suspect it." A woman, hearing a great deal about "pre serving autumn leaves," concluded to put up a jar of them! She told a neighbor the other day that she didn't think they would ever be fit to

eat, and that she might just as well have thrown her sugar away. An exchange says that the champion scholar has turned up. Being asked to sign his initials to a document, he wanted to know "what nishuls were." "Why, your name being George Gould, you want two G's." "Oh, I see," he said, and he wrote "2 Geeze."

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their

They had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love," he exclaimed, "only \$15 for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he replied, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

A little schoolgirl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterward the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged, "What is a zone?" After some hesitation, this little girl brightened up and replied, "I know; it's a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."